MARCH 18 — 24, 1978

RS. 1.50

Eve's Weekly

COMPLIMENTARY COPY

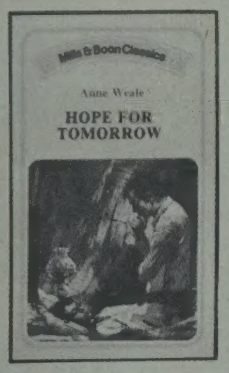
JAZZ YATRA: A Journey Of Rediscovery

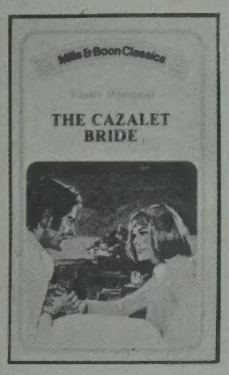
THE CASE AGAINST STUNNING: A Further Cruelty To Animals

Mills & Boon
PAPERBACKS THAT PLEASE

NEW

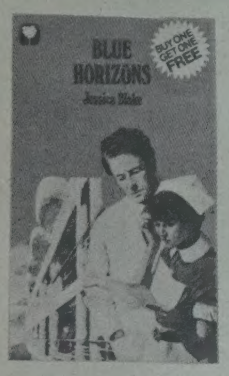
Classics
BOOKS TO REMEMBER



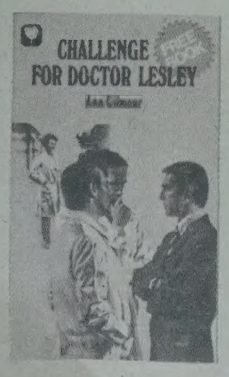


Frail Sanctuary Margery Hilton
Strange as a Dream Flora Kidd
Hope for Tomorrow Anne Weale
The Cazalet Bride Violet Winspear

Doctor-Nurse
NEW ROMANCE SERIES

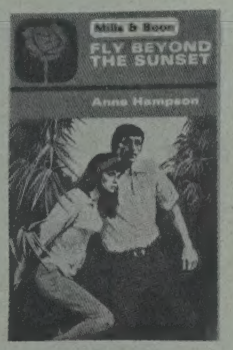


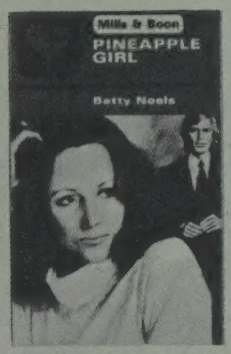
Blue Horizons
Jessica Blake

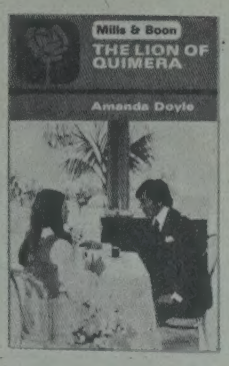


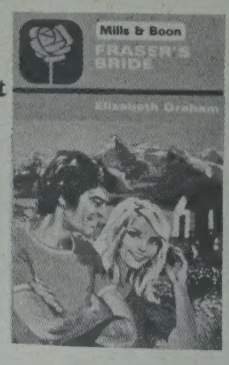
Challenge for Doctor Lesley
Ann Gilmour

Romances
TEN NEW TITLES EVERY MONTH







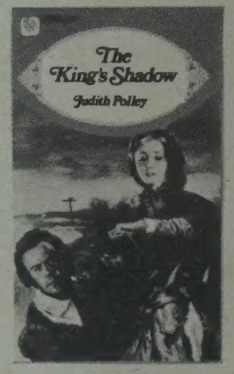


Fly Beyond the Sunset
Anne Hampson
Flamingo Moon
Margaret Pargeter
The Lion of Quimera
Amanda Doyle

Pineapple Girl
Betty Neels
A Trial Marriage
Anne Mather
Portrait of Jaime
Margaret Way

The Wrong Man to Love
Roberta Leigh
Temple of the Moon
Sara Craven
Across a Crowded Room
Lilian Peake
Fraser's Bride
Elizabeth Graham

Masquerade
HISTORICAL ROMANCES



Francesca Valentina Luellen
The King's Shadow Judith Polley
The Fortune-Hunter Julia Herbert
Puritan Wife Elizabeth de Guise

Distributed by
MACMILLAN
Co of India Ltd

BOMBAY, DELHI, HYDERABAD, BANGALORE, CALCUTTA, MADRAS

Sumita Basu
26/3 Ballygunge Circular Rd.
Calcutta - 700019

Dear Binaca,

All my friends use make-up. I am the only odd-one-out. I don't want to look over made-up.
I prefer the natural look. What do you suggest?

Yours
Sumita Basu

A beauty-tip so good you'll like to share it with your daughter.

Smooth Binaca Vanishing Cream on to your face and it forms a transparent veil. Then highlight your cheeks with some blush-on. Binaca Vanishing Cream is the most subtle cover-up. It's non-greasy and gives your skin a natural look.

For those who prefer make-up, Binaca Vanishing Cream is an ideal make-up base too. It transforms even oily skins into a smooth matt-finish complexion. It also helps prevent your complexion from getting darker under the sun. So make Binaca Vanishing Cream a regular habit, especially if you prefer the natural look.

Binaca® Vanishing Cream

Rediffusion/CG/519

Take Neycer's exclusive designs and colours, a little imagination -and you have the blueprint for a beautiful bathroom.

Neycer's elegant designs and colours are often copied, but never equalled.
And Neycer quality proves its worth—even after years of use. Numerous happy users in India and Western Europe will agree with that!
For your bathroom, choose nothing less than Neycer.

NEYCER

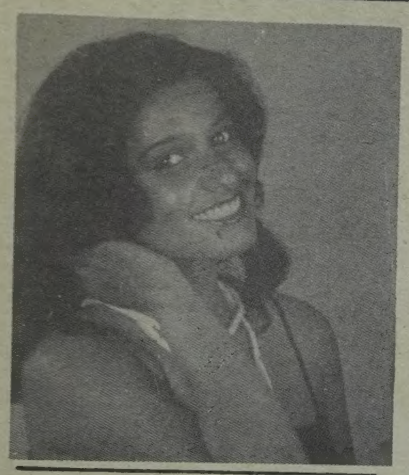
Neycer

BEAUTY IN YOUR BATHROOM

BEAUTY THAT LASTS

NEIVELI CERAMICS & REFRACTORIES LTD. Vadalur P. O.—607303, South Arcot District, Tamil Nadu

OBM 3659/5 R



SABITA DHANRAJGIR

Smart but shy, Sabita is an attractive and upcoming model. Originally from Hyderabad, from where she graduated in Fine Arts, she came to Bombay a year ago to do a course in textile designing. She has now also taken up a a course in tailoring. With these as assets, Sabita is sincerely planning to open a boutique in Hyderabad, and design dresses herself.

Presently, Sabita is looking after a boutique called "Bohemia." Besides this, she likes to model, and has already modelled for a few products. Stitching, cooking and painting are among her foremost hobbies, "and of course I love reading," she says.

Conservative to a certain extent, Sabita would prefer to have a love marriage, though she has not yet given it serious thought. "All I can visualise now is my career as a popular model and my 'own' boutique in Hyderabad."

Photograph : Pankaj Shah

PUBLISHER & CHAIRMAN J. K. SOMANI, MG. DIRECTOR J. C. JAIN

EDITOR GULSHAN EWING

ASST. EDITOR AMMU JOSEPH, CHIEF SUB-EDITOR K. S. RAO

SUB EDITORS CHAKRESH JAIN, RATU KAMLANI, JYOTI PUNWANI, ROSHAN BILLIMORIA

ADVT. MANAGER D. N. CHOPRA

ART DIRECTOR RUSI DORABJEE

DESIGNERS HARGIS CHAWLA, VILOO PITHAWALA

STUDIO FAROKH REPORTER, STAFF PHOTOGRAPHER B. K. SANIL

PRINTER R. S. SARANGAN

PRINTED & PUBLISHED AT SANJ VARTAMAN PRESS, BOMBAY SAMACHAR MARG, BOMBAY-400 023

PROPRIETORS EVE'S WEEKLY LTD., BOMBAY-400 023

CORRESPONDENTS

PUSHPA HANS, 1-13, Lajpat Nagar 3, New Delhi-24.

AMITA SARWAL, 53, Syed Amir Ali Avenue, Calcutta-17.

S. J. KURUVILLA, 88/3 A, Purasawalkam High Road, Madras-10.

MANJU D. THIRANI, 17, Seema Society, Navrangpura, Ahmedabad-380 009.

ANNUAL SUBSCRIPTION

Inland Rs. 85 Foreign Rs. 127 (Sea Mail)

this week

JAZZ YATRA 1978

Bombay recently played host to the first international jazz festival to be held in India. It served to awaken an interest in jazz in people hitherto unaware of the vast variety and new developments in this "international music." A coverage of the week-long event, and exclusive interviews with the two women participants.

Page 8.

BALLETS FOR RELIEF

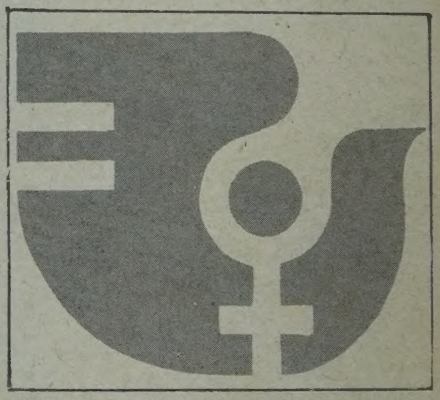
A pictorial feature on the famous Ram Lila and Surdas ballet performances by the Shriram Bharatiya Kala Kendra of New Delhi, which will be staged in March to raise funds for the cyclone victims of Andhra Pradesh.

Page 16.

INTERNATIONAL WOMEN'S DAY

March 8 has been set aside as the International Women's Day, 1978. There has always been considerable discussion about the significance, value and purpose of these "days." Here we present a candid and spirited opinion on this controversial topic.

Page 41.



RAJMATA KULWANT KAUR

The wife of the guru of the Nirankari Mission is the leader of thousands of devotees, whose social and spiritual well-being is her primary concern.

Page 23.

THE CASE AGAINST STUNNING

There are various moves afoot to remove the practice of stunning small animals before they are butchered. A heated debate is on between those who advocate stunning in the name of mercy and those who advocate banning the practice. An investigation into the religious and political pressures involved.

Page 11.

ALSO

Pando Japan: interesting handicrafts from the Land of the Rising Sun—**Page 17,** Eve Today : Chandra Narayan, wife of the Governor of Karnataka—**Page 35,** Film interview : Rekha, a new seriousness—**Page 37,** Profile : Mani Umrolia, a certain detachment—**Page 42.**

REGULAR FEATURES

Your Page & Horoscope/**7,** Short Story/**12,** People Known & Unknown/**19,** Fashion/**20,** True Confession/**26,** Cookery/**28,** Comics/**36,** Children's Page/**38,** Beauty/**39,** Heart to Heart/**42,** Frankly Speaking/**43,** People & Events/**44,** Hiya Honey/**46.**

ROOP SANGAM

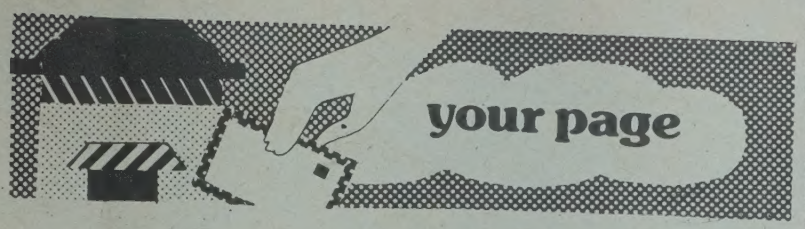
THREE STOREY HOUSE OF SAREES

BENARASI SAREES • BANGALORE SAREES • KANCHIPURAM SAREES • CHIFFON & CHINON SAREES • GHARCHOLA • EMBROIDERED & JARI SAREES • HANDLOOM SAREES • SILK PRINTED & FANCY SAREES

ROOP SANGAM
385, N. C. KELKAR ROAD, LAXMI BUILDING,
DADAR, (W.R.) BOMBAY 400 028
PHONES: 451428 • 463457

Pikart-RS-1

Do you have anything to say? Then say it here. We pay Rs. 25, 15 and 10 for the three best letters.



1st prize

THE (IN)DEPENDENT ONE

While commenting on the position of women in India, we often make a comparison between India, the U.S. and other foreign countries, and in doing so, fail to consider our culture, age-old traditional habits, social and religious customs.

Most employed women in our country are content with their small and lowly-paid jobs. After marriage, the Indian girl is usually asked to leave her job if her husband's income is sufficient to run the family; if, however, she continues to work, her income is treated as supplementary and utilised for the frills. The Indian woman, by custom, whether married or unmarried, employed or unemployed, is forbidden to attend social functions. Even within the family she is normally given no authority to do anything without consulting her husband and/or in-laws.

The two major reforms necessary to improve the lot of the Indian woman are legislation, providing for her a share in her father's property under all conditions and circumstances, and the reservation of a percentage of jobs for women in all offices, institutions, departments and establishments. No plan to improve the status of our women can succeed without wholehearted support of the menfolk; and the desired improvement cannot be effected overnight.

V. S. Natarajan, Tirunelveli

Many reforms have come, many more will follow. The Railways have already made a most creditable beginning. The attitude of the men is something we hope will improve. But, more than anything else, it will have to be the will and persistence of the women themselves.

2nd prize

YOUNG CRIMINALS

A startling news item revealed how a film, now being screened provided the inspiration for the kidnapping and murder of a six-year-old boy, by three youths charged with the crime.

It is a tragic and horrible commentary on the increase of juvenile delinquency in India, for this is not an isolated crime. What is even more depressing is that the present machinery to handle juvenile delinquency in our country is most inadequate. Studies by the United Nations Social Defence Research Institute in India reveal the need for a complete overhaul of the way juvenile offenders are treated both before and after they are committed to correctional homes. Among other things, the UNSDRI stresses the need for greater attention to the mental health of these children and recommends refresher and reorientation courses for all involved in dealing with juvenile delinquents. Implementing these recommendations is not the sole concern of the Government, but also that of voluntary social work organisations, individuals dealing with children, and of society as a whole, which has hitherto remained callous.

Indu K. Mallah, Tamil Nadu

Juvenile offenders need care and sympathy, not condemnation. Whether "inspired" by films, books or plays, is a secondary point. The main consideration, as you rightly point out, must be the kind of system under which they are treated.

3rd prize

BLACK INTO WHITE

Everyone keeps harping on racial distinction and the harm it causes. Yes, apartheid is something ugly that causes trouble and tension all over the world. Yet, how many of us who oppose racial distinction are carrying on our own type of discrimination on a small-scale basis? How many times have we said or heard something like, "Oh, she would look really beautiful if she were not so dark". . .? Why is it that the marriage ads always demand a fair-complexioned girl? Is being dark a curse?

What is there about colour that makes it the all-encompassing, most important thing about a person? Colour is only physical. It is superficial and it has absolutely no meaning if we regard all people on this earth as fellow human beings.

Does black into white go? Yes it does. . . but only for people like Abraham Lincoln, Martin Luther King and Mahatma Gandhi. Perhaps the Idi Amins of this world are trying to prove that black is equal to white, if not more.

Theresa Zachariah, Bombay

So, black is beautiful. But it has taken centuries and will perhaps take many more before the bogey of colour leaves mankind.

MOD SWEEPERS

After much thinking I am writing this letter about the dress of the so-called mods. The Bombay streets are horrible, unhygienic. Every inch is full of dirt, dust, sputum, paan juice, and every other kind of refuse. It is really pitiable and disgusting to see these beautifully-dressed youngsters walking on the roads with their flowing maxis and flares practically sweeping the roads. The edges of their dresses are soaked with this dirt. They must be reaching their homes moving into every room, then folding their clothes and keeping them along with other clothes. Day in and day out thousands of these youngsters are carrying these germs and diseases to various places. Such educated and cultured girls and boys — do they really value fashion more than hygiene?

Mrs. Sudha Rajagopal, Bombay

If you talk of maxis and 'low-down' flares, you'd have to include sarees too — and where would that leave your argument. We see as many sarees (more, maybe) sweeping the streets as maxis. Yes, the streets are filthy but our women have become adept at hitching their garments at strategic times to avoid the muck.

this week for you

K. H. Shroff

For the week from March 18 to March 24.

ARIES: (March 21 — April 19) Money gains. Optimism prevails. Success in romance. Engagement for those desiring marriage, but caution in driving needed. Favourable days: 19, 20.

TAURUS (April 20 -- May 21) Favoured financially, but expenses higher. Disappointment in love and at home. Do not be stubborn. Favourable days: 17 18.

GEMINI (May 22 — June 21) Successful week for writers, intellectuals and to married persons. Good for new enterprise and travel. Favourable days: All days.

CANCER (June 22 — July 22) Tough going in business, job and domestic areas. Avoid altercations. Good week for short trips. Favourable days: 23, 24.

LEO (July 23 — Aug. 23) Expected response to your request, news from abroad helps plan your future. Stimulating atmosphere for professionals. Favourable days: 19, 20.

VIRGO (Aug. 24 — Sept. 22) Busy with social affairs which will benefit you both in personal affairs and in business. Favourable days: All days.

LIBRA (Sept. 23 -- Oct. 22) Imaginative writers and creative artists find circumstances inspiring. Courtship successful. Income increases. Favourable days: 23, 24.

SCORPIO (Oct. 23 – Nov. 22) Diplomacy in everyday affairs helps. Travelling likely to bring new contacts. Avoid stress and strains. Favourable days: 17, 18.

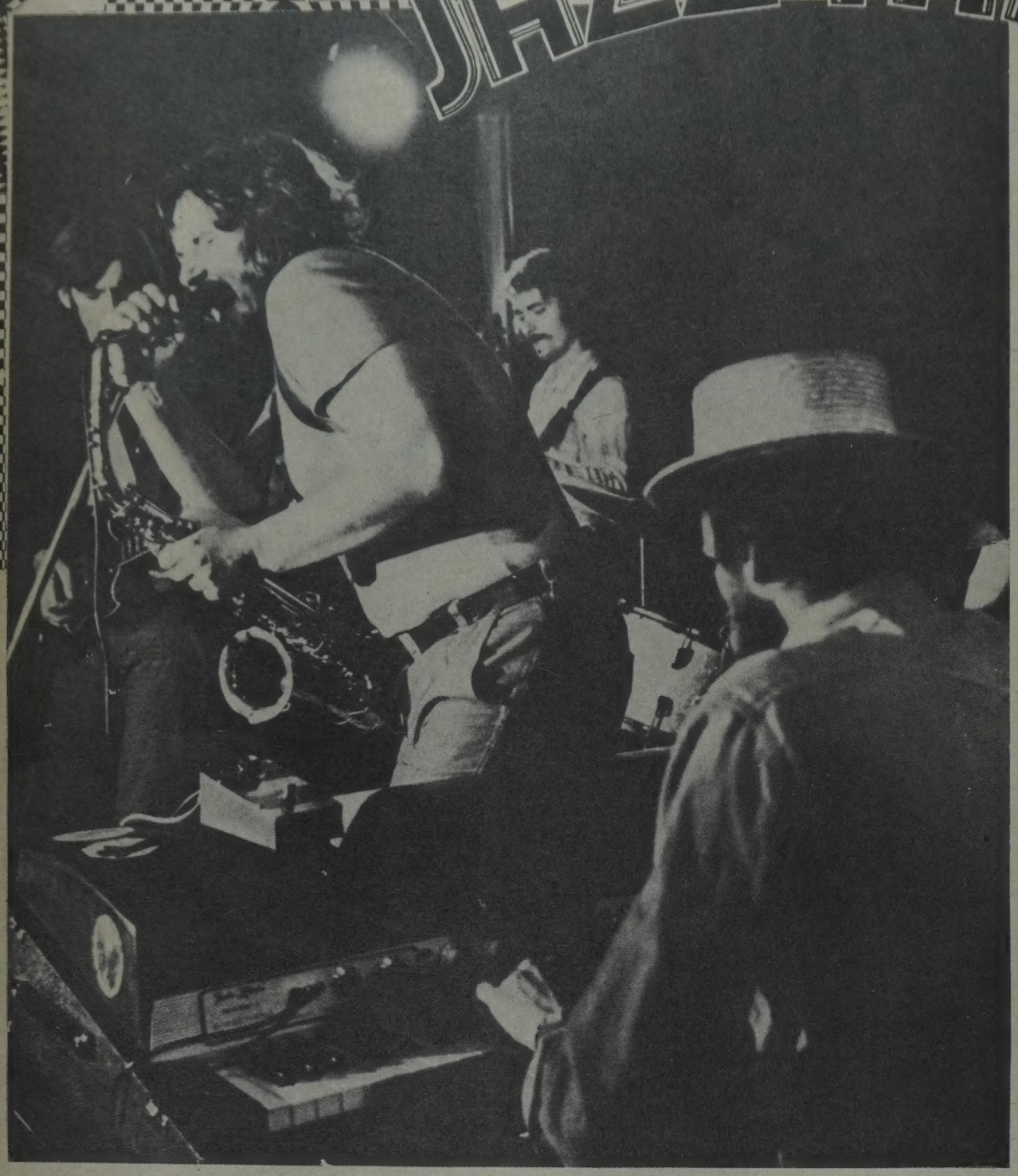
SAGITTARIUS (Nov. 23 — Dec. 21) Opportunity to earn recognition and go abroad for pleasure and profit. Good week to start acquiring high qualifications. Favourable days: All days.

CAPRICORN (Dec. 22 — Jan 19) Obstructions to get ahead of rivals removed. Good conditions to show your abilities. Good news and happy domestic life. Favourable days: 22, 23.

AQUARIUS (Jan. 20 -- Feb. 19) Beneficial planets help to achieve your ambitions. Likely to regain your position and freedom of action. Favourable days: All days.

PISCES (Feb. 20 — March 20) Chance to increase earnings. You may secure residential quarters or have present premises renovated. Good news in family affairs. Favourable days: 17, 18.

JAZZ YATRA '78



They call it "an international music" —certainly this was the first international jazz festival to be held in India

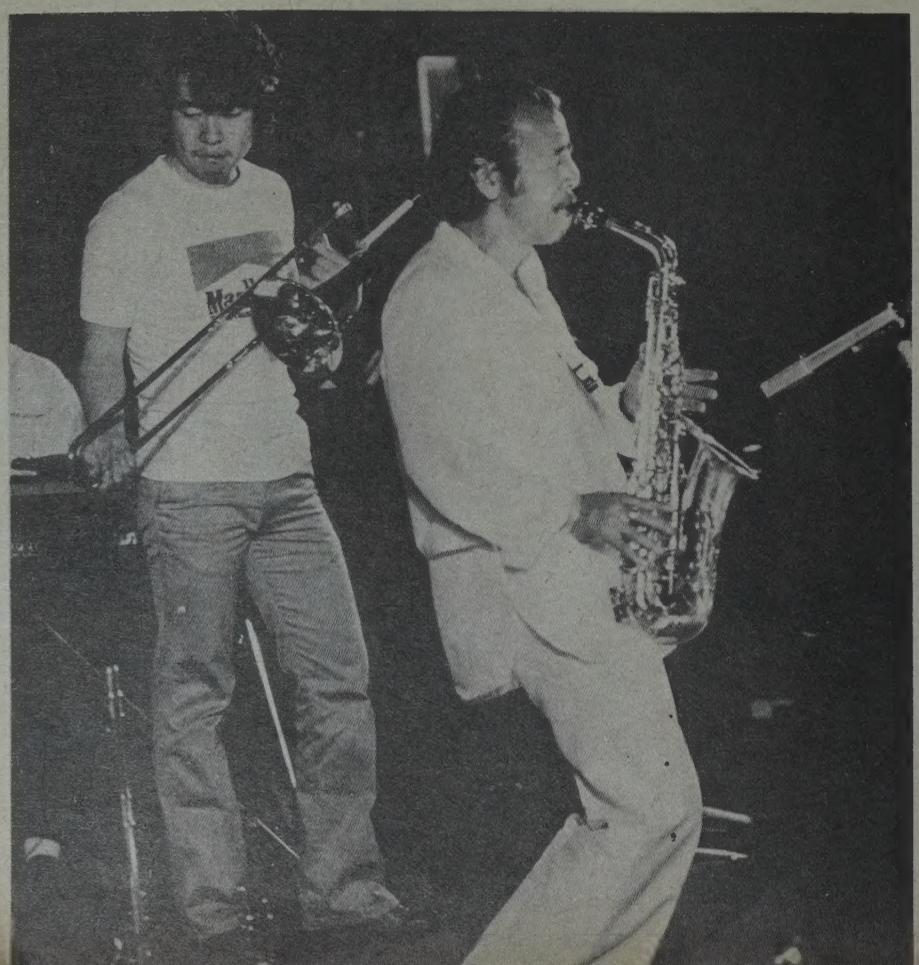
Meher Pestonji

Willis Connover, Voice of America's ambassador of jazz.

LEFT: Laboratorium — experimenting in voice control.

BELOW: Sadao Watanabe — a personal love affair with jazz.

Jazz-Yatra 1978, India's first international jazz festival, brought together a host of luminaries from the world of jazz. Glittering names, normally seen only on record albums, presented themselves in the flesh while a vibrantly alive audience tuned in to the changing inflexions of the music — inflexions not always discernible on inanimate records. The students, hoards of them, jammed the amphitheatre Rang Bhavan. Several who could not afford even the cheapest seats (which cost Rs. 20 per night) contented themselves by hanging around the by-lane outside, catching whatever wisps of music floated by. One boy confessed breaking off with his girl because he could afford only one ticket. Another spent each evening of the week literally dangling outside the window of his room at the neighbouring St. Xavier's College hostel. Splashing into this spirit of fun and revelry were the jazz-icians, serious, intelligent persons with a warm sense of humour, communicating their personalities through the medium of music.



From the United States, Voice of America's ambassador of jazz, Willis Connover, was flown down specially to M.C. the festival. A radio-familiar voice gains a face, a body and becomes a person, a picture of dignity who can chat to an audience of thousands without sounding stale. Mr. Connover talks of the heritage of jazz which, he explains, extends beyond the confines of America. Jazz is a combination of the raw rhythms of Africa shaped by the techniques and finesse of traditional European music. Along the psychological dimension, it is an outgrowth of the cooperation and confrontation between the black and white races of America, which created a tension that sought new channels of musical expression.

Most jazz musicians emphasize that jazz is not a particular kind of music — rather it is a way of playing and interpreting any kind of music. It is a misconception to think of it as a "black music." Over the years it has absorbed influences not only from Europe, but also from

other parts of the world, including India.

"It is really an international music," says Sonny Rollins, whose scintillating performance at Jazz-Yatra won him many new fans. But Sonny avoids commenting on whether black musicians are able to render a certain kind of music — soul — better than others. He agrees that the best renderings of Indian music are by Indian musicians, whose personalities compliment the cultural traditions reflected in the music. "But Jazz," he says, "reflects an integrated American society, a society comprising a blending of emigrants, in which many interpretations of music would be both valid and meaningful."

One of the main spurs to popularizing jazz at the international level has been the American radio network. But to begin with, in the early '50s, Connover had a hard time breaking down resistance of radio station managers to jazz programmes. This attitude persists in Britain even today. Ian Carr, leader of the British group "Nucleus" is bitterly critical of the B.B.C. policy. "Britain is the land of pop, because B. B. C. is churning out pop music on radio I all day long. There is incredible snobbery on the part of the cultural establishment in England. Everything is divided into 'high-art' and 'low-art', which to me appears an extremely foolish way of looking at culture. To them, jazz does not fall into the category of high-art, so it is considered low-art. Now low-art such as pop, should be popular. But because the impact of jazz is deep, it appeals to a narrow audience. So it doesn't fit any category and is coolly ignored."

However, in Europe and in Japan jazz radio programmes are common and jazz itself popular. Initially, they trickled in over Voice of America at the end of the Second World War, and became popular because jazz came to be thought of as a music of liberation. Sadao Watanabe, whose impact on the jazz scene in Japan cannot be overestimated agrees that his personal love affair with the music began with its association as a music of freedom at the end of the war. Contrary to popular notions, today jazz does not only have a following in the democratic West but in the socialist and communist countries as well.

In recent years, Poland has come to be regarded as the center of jazz in Europe. As in Japan, here too all the larger cities and towns have jazz clubs.

The performance of the three Polish groups at Jazz Yatra — the Laboratorium with Marek Strysowski, the Zbigniew Namyslowski Quartet, and the Czeslaw Niemen Quintet — lived up to the high standards expected of them. Marek Strysowski, the singer with Laboratorium (which means Laboratory), is conducting some interesting experiments in controlling the sound of his voice by projecting it through an electronic echo-box which creates several voices at the same time. Czeslaw Niemen uses a moog synthesizer, an electronic instrument that looks like an organ, works on the principles of a computer and imitates a repertoire of sounds ranging from cloudbursts and birdcalls to the sound of string and percussive instruments.

Another performer who displayed a unique control over creating sound, and that too without electronic effects, was the German, Albert Mangelsdorf, described as the world's leading trombonist. Mangelsdorf sings and blows into the trombone at the same time, creating not only the sound of his voice and of the trombone, but also a third totally different sound. The audience gapes in amazement at the lung-expanding feat.

But it was old-timer negro singer Joe Williams, performing with Clark Terry and his Jolly Giants, who, conveying the lyrical pathos of soul, won the most admirers. Both Joe Williams and Clark Terry have had long associations with Count Bassie's orchestra and exude the quiet dignity of those who have worked hard to achieve success. To Williams success is a heavy, demanding responsibility. "Every performer is making a presentation, exposing himself to public judgement. When his presentation is accepted, when he is recognised as a great performer, he owes it to the audience to impart energy to them, to stimulate vitality in them, to make each performance a meaningful act of communication."

For many of the foreign musicians, the highlight of the week was the Indian classical music and dance festival presented at the Birla Matushri Sabhagar each morning. Memorable performances by India's eminent artistes left a profound impact that was both moving and enriching. On the final day, it climaxed in a sitar recital by Ustad Vilayat Khan accompanied on the tabla by Zakir Hussain, in which both the maestro and the promising youngster displayed exceptional artistry.

Sonny Rollins voiced almost unanimous sentiments when he confessed. "The classical music concerts were the main inducement for me to come to Jazz Yatra. I am affected by the music at a deep, subconscious level. I just absorb it all, let the impressions sink in. Later, after I go back, the music will just play itself through me."

Karin Krog : cool, solemn gravity.

LEFT : Asha Putli — vibrant showmanship.

The only two women performers at Jazz-Yatra presented a study in contrast — Asha Putli, no stranger to Indian readers, a Bombay girl who's made the floodlights on New York's CBS-TV, a picture of vibrant showmanship and Karin Krog, a Norwegian jazz singer with a style more suited to smoky restaurants than the open-air Rang Bhavan. The sultry, raven-haired Asha was all flashy exhibitionism. The cool platinum-blonde Karin was lofty theatricality. Where Asha was vivid and dramatic, Karin conveyed solemn gravity. Asha wooed and won admirers in the audience. Karin was just tolerated with a slight trace of impatience.

Asha's was the earlier performance on the second day of the festival. She breezed on to the stage in a sheer-net clinging black outfit, blowing kisses, tossing roses, chatting with Willis Connover, very much at ease with herself, the stage and the audience. This is Asha's first public performance in India (not counting TV shows on her last trip two years ago). She feels no special rapport with the audience. "Audiences are made of people and basically people are the same all over the world," she says wryly. "But this has been the first opportunity for my father to see me in a live performance, and this is my greatest personal satisfaction on this trip. The first song I sang 'Do You Love Me' is my father's favourite. I was also trying to throw a red rose at him," she purred sweetly, fluttering her long thick eyelashes to look appealingly demure.

In the United States she hardly does any live shows — mainly TV programmes. "These tend to spoil you somewhat," she says with a wince. "Generally, I only do live shows once in several months and then too I become very tense." The tension, if felt, certainly does not communicate itself to the audience.

Quite unexpectedly the glittering aura cracks, revealing a serious streak behind the brittle, glassy veneer. "A singer is not really a creative artist in a sense. She functions more as an interpreter, translating and communicating the emotions and feelings of the composer or songwriter to the audience. To do this effectively she has to get herself mentally in tune with the composer, to get into his mind almost, to feel his feelings so as to be able to communicate them as her own." Reminiscing over the years of climbing to the top, "It can be quite a challenge," she sighs. "There's no way to relax. You're always climbing or sliding backwards. I'm not really a success in American terms. Over there, there are so many big names and the big names count. I've just been lucky to get some good breaks."

Unfortunately, she appears to have absorbed many Americanisms — worst of all gush. Talking to her one wonders where the gush ends and the real Asha begins.

Continued on page 43

FDSC CE 2.77-78

Your home has the warmth of love.

Now it needs the touch of Coir.

Coir matting or a Coir Carpet will gift your home with lasting colour and value.
Within the walls of your home is the heart of your family, a warm atmosphere filled with love and sharing. Now you can add a little comfort—and colour to the simple setting of your sitting room. With a beautiful Coir Carpet. Only you will know how little it cost!

Yours from 14 Coir Board Showrooms dotted all over India. Also doormats, mourzouks, matting, and rubberized coir mattresses and cushions.

Brighten your home with a quality-tested Coir Carpet. It's simpler than you think!

COIR BOARD
M G Road, Cochin 682 016

COIR BOARD SHOWROOMS & SALES DEPOTS:

16-A, Asaf Ali Road. New Delhi 110 001 ● 5, Stadium House,Churchgate, Bombay 400 020 ● 22,Louden Street, Entrance:Park Street, Calcutta 700 016 ● 1-A, Mahatma Gandhi Road, Bangalore 560 001 ● 1/155, Mount Road, Madras 600 002 ● 'Karuna', M.G. Road, Opp:Kavitha Theatre,Cochin 682 011 ● S.C.O.85, Sector 17-C, Chandigarh 160 017 ● 116,Station Square,Bhubaneswar 751 001 ● 52, East Veli Street,(Near Chintamani Talkies) Madurai 625 001 ● Biscomaun Bhawan, West Lawn, Patna 800 001 ● 5-8-328, Chapel Road, Hyderabad 500 001 ● Gumat Bazar, Jammu Tawi 180 001, Jammu ● GF3/90, Nehru Place, New Delhi 110 024 ● 'Pran Vijay'' Ashram Road, Navarangpura, Ahmedabad 380 009.

Members of the Deonar Butchers' Grievances Committee inspecting the experimental slaughter, by both the stunning and the non-stunning methods, at the Deonar Abattoir.

THE CONTROVERSY OVER STUNNING

Maya C. Malani

Stunning an animal before killing would seem to be the most "human" thing to do in a somewhat sordid situation. But apparently many people feel differently

Stunning is the process of rendering animals unconscious with an electrical device. It enables scientific, up-to-date, clean and speedy slaughter of animals. This process was adopted at the Deonar abbatoir by municipal officers after detailed research. The same officers are now considering abandoning it in the sheep and goats' section, because of the controversy raised about it.

"The motive," according to Mr. Vaman Rao Mahadik, Shiv Sena councillor, "is to capture the votes of ten lakh Muslims in the elections." His party is the only one opposing this move to abandon stunning. The Congress, Janata and the Muslim League are all in favour.

According to the Muslim League councillor, Mr. A. K. Chorwadwalla, there are religious and psychological objections to stunning. "Stunning may cause death, even if it is in five cases out of hundred," he said, "and the Quran prohibits eating the flesh of dead animals."

Three out of the nine interviewees from different sects vehemently objected to eating Deonar meat. A Shaikh cycle shop owner, a Shaikh hawker, and a Sunni driver felt that meat from animals killed without stunning tasted better. However, a middle class Sunni from Kurla thought that if cooked well, there was no difference. The Sunni driver also objected on the ground that stunning caused death.

The shock from stunning is so mild that it does not kill the animal. Experiments have proved that the animal is rendered senseless for two to four minutes, after which it regains consciousness.

In olden days, no anaesthesia was available. Even human beings were operated while their limbs were held in place by hand. "Today, when it is possible to make an animal insensitive to pain, it would be cruel to let it sense the attempt to kill," asserted an administrative officer of the Corporation.

Islam prohibits an animal from being slaughtered in the presence of another. "In the days of Muhammed, only five or six animals were killed at a time. But now with thousands to be killed, it is impossible for the above precept to be followed without stunning." This is Mrs. A. Singh's opinion. She is the Advisory Director for N. W. Asia, International Society for the Protection of Animals, and also a specialist in the slaughter of animals.

In no religion is stunning prohibited. Muhammed the Prophet, preached, "God has prescribed kindness to everything. If you kill, then kill in the best way and if you slaughter then slaughter in the best manner." (Quran Vol. 3, page 110, Cairo edition)

Most of the workers in Deonar are Muslims. They would not cooperate if stunning was against their religion.

The principal Quranic requirement is that meat for consumption of Muslims should be bled as thoroughly as possible. Normal blood flow does not occur in a taut and suffering animal. According to the findings of the World Federation for Protection of Animals, good quality meat should also contain a minimum amount of blood.

At the co-ordination committee meeting of the municipal corporation, corporators and ministers, including Dr. Rafiq Zakaria, tasted the meat of a stunned animal and an animal killed without stunning. They noted that there was no difference in taste.

Nevertheless, the meat from a stunned animal lasts longer than that of an animal killed without stunning. This was the observation of government veterinary doctors.

"The question of preservation doesn't arise, only consumption," countered Mr. Chorwadwalla.

It is probable that he did not consider that fifty per cent of the meat from Deonar is exported. Ten to fifty tonnes of meat are exported to West Asia with its Muslim population.

In Mr. Chorwadwalla's opinion, "If stunning is removed, the number of animals slaughtered will increase."

Among the people supporting stunning are the Imam of the Working Mosque in England (in 1928), the ex-Senior Kadhi of Tanzania (in 1969), the present Senior Kadhi of Tanzania, the staff of the Cadiz School of Cairo (a noted Islamic authority), the Imam of Delhi and the Chief Kazi of Zanzibar.

Mr. Chorwadwalla, however, felt that stunning animals is equivalent to "unnecessarily stunning one community." In his opinion, "Muslims also love animals. But those who advocate stunning have begun to hate mankind — meat eaters."

Mrs. Singh pointed out, "If you don't stun, you add to the cruelty with injury from bruises or broken bones while casting (throwing down the animal for slaughter)."

"Animals should not be made to suffer if it can be helped," was the opinion of four upper middle class interviewees from the Khoja, Bohra and Shia sects. Besides, "religion has never preached stunning or no stunning, only hallal," one of them said. Over and above this, there is cleanliness at Deonar. One of the lower middle class interviewees from Dongri indifferently answered, "Now that I have eaten the Deonar meat, I have no objection."

"Unauthorised slaughter is on the increase," Mr. Hashu Advani, Janata party councillor, declared. There are reports that the main places for this are Bhiwandi, Thane, Mumbra, Vashi, Nagpada, Kurla, Byculla, Omar Khari, Dongri, Wadala, Jogeshwari and Andheri.

"The Janata party has decided to support the discontinuance of stunning so as not to hurt the religious sentiments of our Muslim brothers," Mr. Advani said. It may be noted that the Jana Sangh had vehemently opposed this move.

The Muslims form a minority community. In spite of this, the Corporation had offered the butchers the facility of slaughtering 500 goats and sheep without stunning. So far they have not availed of it.

"Every vegetarian should support stunning," Mrs. Singh said The vegetarians form a large section of our population. They believe in non-injury to animals Since animal slaughter cannot be stopped completely, humane methods should be used to minimise the pain and distress."

The discontinuance of stunning will also be in violation of the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals Act, 1960, which prohibits killing an animal in an unnecessarily cruel manner. In fact, recently the Bombay High Court dismissed the proceedings against stunning instituted by the Butchers' Association.

Financial considerations also favour stunning. Experiments have proved that in the same amount of time a given number of workers can slaughter 183 animals with stunning and only 100 without. The cost and therefore the price per kilo will also be lower with stunning.

Mr. Chorwadwalla disagrees "The experiment was carried out with inexperienced workers at

Continued on page 13

It's cold and infernal here. Like the cold and brutal murder of my being that is going to happen in a few moments. My eyes, naturally, like everything around me, are red. Crystallised tears rub like sandpaper on rheumy pupils which peep at a world my mind doesn't perceive.

They have taken pains over me. I smell like a fly taken out of a perfume pail. Mrs. Sait, that bitch, has deceived my gullible Mummy of a hundred rupees and painted my face like the cheap whores who patronise her. The beauty mark she put tickles on my cheek every time. My beautiful bushy brows, which I liked pinching to feel the bristle mesh into each other, are now like the slim swords of Rajputs, hung inverted in shame.

The other things Mrs. Sait did to my face are nothing much which I by myself couldn't have managed. But it's ridiculous for a bride to do so herself. I sit here with my secretive thoughts churning in my breasts which breathe like bellows without life. Yah, some credit should go to Mrs. Sait for the fine filigree painting she has done on my palms and feet. It reminds me of the delicate carving I once saw on a jewel box.

I hate this dupatta hanging almost to my knees and filtering the moisture of my breath. I can't sit in peace with the anger that is seething in helplessness. I wonder whether somebody is peeking right now to see whether I am behaving as a bride should even when all alone by myself! The cramps in the shin are making me cry. I need desperately to shift on the seat. The hot breath in the chiffon dupatta keeps running rivulets of sweat down my back and between my breasts, vapourising the generous dose of eau-de-cologne.

Aunty, who has ruined my life and has stifled the only love I could ever experience had the audacity to preach the "rules of business" and "conduct and codes" of the nuptials in her over-concerned but unconvincing voice. In spite of my revulsion, I was too embarrassed to insult her. At least, Aunty should have known that a fully qualified doctor doesn't need to be enlightened on such rudimentary things about life. But of course, she belongs to the old school in spite of passing her Junior Cambridge so brilliantly.

The bed with its red satin sheets is as repulsive as the red roses festooned to the bed post. The mosquito curtain on it provoked an unwarranted hatred for the innocent flowers. I would have forgiven them if only they were not red. I hate red. It's an aggressive colour and could be a dangerous combination when mixed with frustration. All around me is red — my saree, my choli and the jewellery. The bed is red and so are the flowers. My eyes are red and even the petticoat is red, including the silk cord at the waist.

The silk cord! I had heard that brides always tied a silk cord in their petticoat. "Why?" "To make things easy, you fool," they had answered. Things easy for whom? For him? Whom I have never seen before? It's not going to be that easy, you wait and see.

The first thing I must do is get away from the bed. It's absolutely repulsive. I have to do something about the silk cord, too. I could sense a stifling knot at my waist as if a boa constrictor has wrapped itself around me. I got up from the bed and sat down on the carpet with my head resting on the edge of the bed. Let people think I am waiting for the "Lord" of the bed like a typical Hindu wife whose heaven is at her husband's feet.

I picked up a flower that lay rolling with the fan breeze in the hollow caused by my sitting on the soft bed. I examined the flower carefully. It was fresh, yet there was no smell. I saw no fulfilment in its existence. It strangely reminded of my fate. I was no better than this flower. I would bloom on the other's terms, without any participation of my own will. How could I be fragrant, dear God, how could I? I will die first.

A flood of tears brought me back to my senses. I have been living with tears for quite some time. Even if they were to pluck my eyes, tears will seep through the slits. But tears have always created misunderstandings. They thought that I am upset at the thought of leaving my parents. They could not have been more wrong. Misery had begun gnawing at my heart, the day they fixed up the marriage — the day they decided with whom I will live happily ever after. Oddly, though I cried a lot, none of those things happened which I thought would. The world didn't crash! I never fell down unconcious! I never had a fever nor was struck dumb! I even questioned the integrity of my emotions. Maybe, being a doctor and highly educated I have behaved rationally, which in terms of values means that my emotions have dried up.

And, Daddy, who will stand up to speak against his wishes? Not even Mother did after bearing him six children.

I felt like messing up the knots in the silk cord holding my petticoat. But I can't reach it without disturbing a whole lot of other apparel. There was this lump in the throat which I felt would melt by this crazy act. Suddenly I couldn't help laughing. There is no point in messing up the knots. It's really no hindrance at all. He could safely ignore it. This made me still more angry. The innocent flower took the full blast of my anger. It lay crushed and curling between my fingers. It tried to uncurl itself in spasms, then with a last vain effort it lay still. I smelt the pulp to find something which I know was not there. It smelt of chlorophyl. I kept rolling the wet pulp between my thumb and fore-finger.

Suddenly I remembered where I had seen the Khazi who solemnized my marriage. What a farceit was! "Aktari Beti something, something, I have solemnised your marriage with Hussaini something, with your consent and by the willingness of something, something. Do you accept this?" I was too dumbfounded to say anything. My silence was mistaken for modesty. I was prompted by my so well-meaning Aunty to say "Yes!" In disgust, I wanted to see the messenger of my doom who had such an unctuous tone. I glared at him through the thin veil and saw his plump face. I had to steal another glance, because the face looked familiar. Maybe it was the beard that gave me that impression.

I had no opportunity to tell him that I had no consent to give, because it's not by my own free will, I was marrying. I don't know why I was so tongue tied. I don't know what happened to all the training I had to assert myself to be frank, to be articulate about my likes and dislikes. I remember my brilliant debate on Women's Lib which won me a prize and a national honour.

I wanted to be left alone after the marriage ceremony. I didn't need any support to get up, move about or change my dress. But two giggling girls always held me as if I was just rescued

The heart, it is said, has its reasons, and apparently, they don't have to be even rational

Jameel Ahmed Ashar

OF HEART

from the sea. I had stolen a glance at the groom. He was such a hilarious sight. He walked with his head hung low with the weight of a million jasmine flowers and strings of cheap tinsel wrapped around his neck. Two friends literally lifted, pushed and propelled him in his every movement. He walked to the wedding dais weak and awkward like a just discharged inmate of a mental asyuum.

I felt like laughing and in spite of the modesty I was supposed to display. I couldn't suppress a giggle, but I made it sound like a hiccup. They thrust a glass of water before my nose and commented how sad I was feeling, at leaving my parents' house.

I shifted my weight to give a chance for my numb toes to come alive again. Suddenly I remembered where I had seen the Khazi! He was the same man I had treated two months back in the Preventive Disease Ward. He had created a row when asked to give his name and full address and other details needed for the hospital records. He had been very secretive. I had to be firm with him while explaining that they were needed in the interests of his family. I told him that he was carrying a deadly venereal infection which could ruin others. My best efforts, professional solemnity, could not wheedle out of him the source of his infection. He insisted that he had no sex outside the sanctified conjugal bed. So I had to go and see his wife. It was part of the routine and being a new recruit I was very meticulous about my duties. His wife was an illiterate, pan chewing beauty (who counts her wealth by the vastness of her progeny and in the exalted status of her husband). I had no difficulty in examining her and she was as clean as an untouched virgin.

I cursed when I recollected all this. Surely this marriage, solemnised by such a lecherous brute is not sanctified? But, that was only my feeling. Who else would accept this view? Moreover at this stage after everything was over how could I now trot forward this argument? I could only cry in my renewed misery.

I could not help looking into the mirror of the dressing table presented by Daddy. The countenance that stared at me was serious and like the face of a young widow gazing past the Yamuna Ghats. Anger crinkled at the corners of the mouth. The make-up was thick enough to be scraped off with a knife. Oddly, I was aware of the heaving bosom only by catching its movements in the mirror. You may call me beautiful, because I have taken care to be beautiful. And, this beauty was now to be wasted on a beast I don't even know. Saying "Hello" once (when the groom first came to our house) doesn't make you forfeit your entire self. Except that "hello" which still rings in my ears, I don't even remember the face of the person I have "married."

What's the matter with me? my eyes in the mirror seem to ask. It's my heart, fluttering in the rib-cage like a dying bird. Each breath seemed to stifle the proddings of my heart. But I could understand the right of my eyes to question me. After all I was only angry and aggressive, not hurt and pining away in sorrow. My eyes could very well accuse me of being disloyal. Would I have been happy this moment if I was married to Parveez?

Parveez's love never matured to the extent that it would rebel against my marrying another. Come to think of it. Parveez seemed more relieved than hurt to learn about my marriage to Hussaini. Maybe we should not have been in love for such a long time without marrying. But our medical course is so long and we were classmates throughout. I had abandoned myself, like a devoted wife to him all those years. We loved each other, perhaps because both of us were far from home with a lot of time to kill between lectures, exams and hospital wards. The need for companionship was a necessity.

Parveez was handsome, reserved, a good student and someone you could be proud to introduce to your parents. And we had some common tastes too, but we differed enough to maintain our individuality — until his first kiss on my lips. That changed a whole lot of my views and I seriously questioned my integrity. The next time he approached my lips I refused him. I remember his protest: "Am I to keep begging for this all my life?" The connotation of these words was clear to me. He had obviously hinted that we would be together all our life.

Don't ask me what happens to even educated and "enlightened" girls when they fall in love. Perhaps we really are soft in the head with all those special shampoos. I saw the world through his eyes and enjoyed all the liberties permissible in our relationship. Our greatest handicap was to convey each other's feelings. He was indifferent most of the time and in love we remain at the mercy of another's kindness. I behaved as enccuragingly as possible. And, kindly, too.

Whenever I asked him about his future plans he would say; "Graduate, do M.D., go to Canada!" "Of course, he never mentioned anything about marriage and I took it for granted that we would be going to Canada together. Now I wonder why he never bothered to cajole me when I was hurt and did not meet him for days. All the while I used to fret and fume hoping he would come running to me and beg forgiveness. If only he had taken one step towards me, I would have gladly run to him and begged his forgiveness. I also remember it was always I who made up with him.

I always wondered about this indifference. Was he not in love with me after all, I used to ask myself. That couldn't be. He gave me such costly gifts, remembered my birthdays and always made me feel important and like a lady in others' company. Once I had laid awake whole night pondering over what he had said, "Girls fall in love just for fashion, but they marry someone their parents choose." He had refused to discuss this further and dismissed my apprehension in the usual way. He was even less articulate when I met him to inform about the catastrophe of my coming marriage. He was my only hope to be saved from this tragedy but I came back with my eyes spouting tears, my ears ringing with his "Congratulations."

I looked out of the window disgusted at the laughter ringing from outside the closed doors. Wet sparrows sat in a row on the telephone lines, they were purched on the wires like loosely knit jasmine flowers on a taut string. I wondered why they had called their meeting so late in the night.

My "Lord", my "husband" was pushed into the room, accompained by a full blast of girlish laughter. My heart missed a beat as I shrank on the carpet. He stood with his back turned for a long time. Then two strong hands lifted me up. I rose with one of my hands pressing hard against the silk knot that dug further into my belly. His mumbled "adab arz hai", reached my ears, as he held my body. His moist breath condensed on my slim brows. Instead of kicking him in the groin, I blushed in reply. I can't rationalise any more. With the first lie of the heart came the first release.

The Indian Council of Social Welfare, in collaboration with the Citizens' Cyclone Relief Committee of Maharashtra (Women's Wing) of which Mrs. Shanti Sadiq Ali is the Chairman, is presenting four shows of Ramlila and Surdas by the Shriram Bharatiya Kala Kendra of New Delhi, at Brabourne Stadium in Bombay from March 24 to 27, 1978. The proceeds of these shows will go to help victims of the Andhra Pradesh and Tamil Nadu cyclones. The ballets are being staged in Bombay by the Shriram Bharatiya Kala Kendra for the very first time.

LEFT: Ram and Khewat in Ramlila.

The Revival of Kathak—

Perhaps the most noteworthy achievement of Shriram Bharatiya Kala Kendra, a cultural institution dedicated to the task of nation building through "aesthetic joy", has been the revival of Kathak, which for want of patronage, and other socio-historical reasons, had nearly gone out of vogue.

RAMLILA first presented in 1957 is the most spectacular production of the Kendra. A dance drama of magnificent amplitude, it has come to stay as a major annual cultural event in Delhi. The ballet presents a way out of the dilemma of conflicting values, loss of faith and inability to keep steadfastly to the path of virtue.

The tremendous influence exercised by the Ramayana over the minds of millions of our people over the centuries is something quite unparalleled in the history of world literature. The Kendra has chosen this epic as a theme primarily because it is a major

"Rajyabhishek", Ram's coronation in Ayodhya — Ramlila.

part of India's living cultural inheritance, grand in design, majestic in sweep, heroic in form, yet simple and human in conception.

It was first produced by the Kendra in 1957 under the direction of Narendra Sharma. Encouraged by the success of this first production, the Kendra established a regular Ballet Troupe in 1958.

During the subsequent years, the Ballet matured under the expert guidance of some of our most eminent choreographers. Since the last two years K. Shekharan has been directing it.

The people involved in its creation are: choreography: K. Shekharan, music: Barun Gupta, lighting: Tapas Sen, sets and stage decor: Suresh Dutt.

The story of SURDAS, saint poet of the 17th century, is the story of a soul completely overwhelmed by the Vaishnava Cult.

The Shriram Bharatiya Kala Kendra has made an attempt to depict his life story through the medium of a dance-drama, based on the available historic material and his own poetic creations like Sur Sagar. The dance-drama is directed by Uma Sharma, an ex-student of the Kendra who has drawn upon the rich classical heritage of Kathak as also the traditional Braj Raas to shape her choreography. Music composed by Pandit Shiv Prashad and Barun Gupta mainly adheres to the classical mode, deviating into the folk where absolutely necessary. The decor and the costumes have been based on Rajasthani miniature paintings. The lighting, designed by Tapas Sen, creates the required mood in various scenes.

As far as the episodes are concerned, the Kendra has tried to follow the accounts given of Surdas' life in various texts regarded as authentic by the majority or scholars. But, since it is not possible to separate his life from his works in which he depicts Krishna in variegated aspects, the production unfolds itself through the Leelas composed by him. Surdas is shown both as a narrator and a participant.

RIGHT: Surdas bows to Swami Vallabhacharya — Surdas.

Ram meets the dying Jatayu — Ramlila.

through Ballet

Devotees listen to Surdas singing his compositions — Surdas

Of course
We are good!

that's because
we have been
at it for ages.

MOHUN'S

Gold Coin

APPLE JUICE

And the age goes back to years and years of a glorious tradition of getting the best out of the best apples. For presenting to you as Gold Coin to pamper your pleasures.

available in 650 ml. and 200 ml. bottles.

Distributors : TRADE LINKS LIMITED (Regd.

MMB-NP-756

CREATED FROM BREAD-CRUMBS!

An interesting exhibition of fruits, flowers and figurines made from bread-crumbs was held in Tokyo which attracted a large and appreciative audience.

Sculpture in bread, or "Luna Flora" as the art has come to be known in Japan, is fast gaining popularity in many parts of the world. It originated in Mexico and is widely practised in the rural areas. This folk craft was first introduced in Japan by Junco Hitomi, a Japanese housewife who picked it up while on a visit to Mexico.

"Home-made dough does present problems," says Mrs. Hitomi. "The consistency is not always correct. Therefore, it spoils easily and is sometimes difficult to colour." Consequently, she developed a bread-based substance called "Pando" which is now commercially made and sold in Japan.

Oil paint is used for colouring — this can be painted on the items or mixed with the dough. Pando is more pliable than plasticene and can be pressed into thin sheets for leaves and delicate flower petals. When dry it feels like porcelain and dries within a few days at room temperature. It is long lasting provided it is kept dry.

Fruits and flowers fashioned from Pando are life-like in appearance — its delicate texture lends itself well to subtle shades when colouring. Pando fruits, flowers, wall decorations, costume jewellery — rings, brooches and pendants in a variety of colours — are widely used in Japan. They are made at home or bought from departmental stores.

Nirmala Krishnamurthy

LEFT: A life-like figure of a girl fashioned from Pando.

ABOVE: Eye-catching wall decoration featuring Pando flowers in relief.

Photographs: Krishna

Big Beauty Breakthrough

Lakmé Calamine

Like nothing you've used before

Lakmé Calamine. So smooth, so easy to spread. Only Lakmé Calamine comes in a choice of shades to give you a warm glow. Medicated to fight blemishes, only Lakmé Calamine is delightfully perfumed.

Does so much good for your skin. Baby's tender skin. A man's tough skin too.

Complete complexion care—Lakmé Calamine!

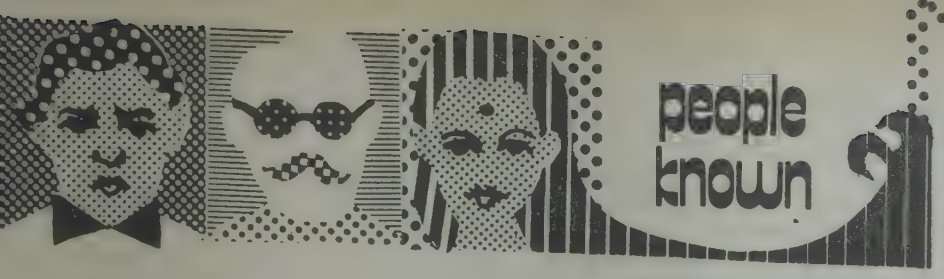
Smooth and glowing

Three exquisite shades

Delightfully perfumed

Lakmé — the people who know skin.

Lakmé



An international jury found that the "Confessions of a Lover" made lovely reading, and decided to name it as the best book of "Creative literature" in Indo-Anglian writing for the year. The honour entitled the author, **Mulk Raj Anand** to win yet another Award, and Rs. 3000. This Award, instituted only this year by M/s. Arnold-Heinemann Publishers (India) has yet to be named formally, though there are chances that it will bear the name of E. M. Forster, in recognition of the encouragement that the great writer gave to Indo-Anglian writers. There is a subtle justice in Mr. Anand's winning this first Award. E. M. Forster was probably the first serious appreciator and critic of Mr. Anand's writing, and one of the main forces behind the development of Mr. Anand as an internationally known writer.

* * *

While his "Nasbandhi" is climbing its way to box-office success thanks to the horse laughs he has raised through it, **I. S. Johar** can also look forward to another box-office hit which succeeds through its capacity to scare the audience. The producer-director-comedian has just returned from England after completing his role in the British production of Agatha Christie's "Death on the Nile". I. S. Johar is one of the few Indian stars who manage to get important roles in foreign films. His co-stars in the thriller are Olivia Hussey and other well known names any actor would be proud to be associated with.

* * *

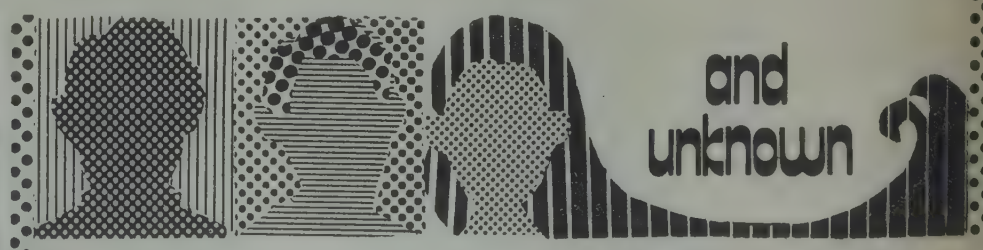
The living legend has added one more chapter to the tale that will live after him. **Mohammad Ali** lost — to win. The heavyweight champion who had defended his title successfully through 19 challenges was felled by a comparative stranger to the world of boxing, Leon Spinks, in a memorable match at Las Vegas. Ali's 36 years told heavily against him, and he succumbed to the lightning punches of 24-year-old Spinks. But Ali's fall was more than compensated and overshadowed by his behaviour, which was surprisingly gracious and generous. At least for the present, Spinks is "the greatest" as even Ali has admitted. Not that the fighter in him has given up. Even while admitting that he had indeed been caught napping, Ali announced his determination of wresting the crown back. His behaviour at Dacca, where he was honoured with an honorary citizenship of Bangla Desh had all the old zest and aplomb that were characteristic of the old, unbeaten Ali. If after the six months he has given himself, Ali does manage to overthrow Spinks in another bout, his fans will doubtless proclaim that the boxer is not only the greatest but the most durable too.

* * *

Ex-President Nixon had some sticky moments when he walked into Senate Minority Leader Howard Baker's office for a small coffee party. Present there in the room were President Carter and President Ford. They and their families were brought together for Senator Humphrey's funeral. Nixon had done some serious thinking before deciding to accept, and only after an assurance was given over the phone that he was welcome, had the ex-president agreed to attend the coffee party. The decision was a right one. . . it cleared away in moments much of the mist that had collected around him over the years since Watergate. However, many of those present felt that Nixon was not the dapper personality he had been in the past. His trousers were even a shade too short! Perhaps retirement has something to do with the lower sartorial standards. Or perhaps it is the fact that Nixon is feeling his years now that he is soon to become a grandfather. His daughter, Julie Nixon Eisenhower, is expecting her first child this summer.

* * *

One person who heartily disapproves of the jet-set godmen and the foreign based gurus is **Jagadguru Shankaracharya** of Dwarka Peeth. According to this God-loving worthy, most of the foreign based gurus are a hoax, and only tarnish the fair name of India abroad. In fact from a statement made by the Shankaracharya at Ahmedabad, there is much in today's world that displeases him. Not only does he find old values slipping away, but the old traditions too are being replaced by modern customs that have nothing to do with Hinduism. The result of all this is, according to the Jagadguru, his withdrawal from almost all aspects of public life. However, though he is disturbed about the state of Indian society, the Shankaracharya is sanguine about the future of Hinduism. "The religion is an eternal force, and will never vanish," he believes.



Faith, they say, can move mountains. Bob McDonald of Taren Point, Australia, would be satisfied if his faith helps him find his missing son — 23-year-old Glenn McDonald, missing since last October when he set out in a yacht from Sri Lanka for Thailand. He has not been heard of since a cyclone caught the yacht midway between Sri Lanka and Nichobar. Firm in the hope that his son is alive, the father has spent about 7000 Australian dollars in a one-man search for him. His latest attempt to find the boy is an appeal to Mr. Morarji Desai, while the Indian P. M. was in Sydney for the Commonwealth meet. Moved by his faith, Mr. Desai has promised all help in trying to locate the boy.

Compiled by Sathya Saran

FROM OLD TO NEW!

Dinoo Vacha

A black floral printed mini can turn into a fabulous new midi with an odd length of a red printed material at hemline for extra length and sleeves to match.
An old round neckline can be replaced by a square one, bound with plain black piping for an added touch.
Wear it as a churidar-kameez ensemble!

A gathered skirt of an old checked dress can be cut up into a dramatic yoke, sleeves and a broad border at hem. Add it to a plain, white fabric with lots of lace insertions and presto! here's a chic ensemble for the evening.

Two dresses — striped and a polka dotted.
Cut them up into a fantastic mix and match tiered skirt.
Wear it with a white matching ruffled blouse.

An old black polka dotted mini can be transformed into a skirt and top ensemble.
You can keep the bodice intact with just an addition of white organdy frills to the collar and cuffs.
A new skirt in white has slit pockets, with an echo of white frill and broad printed border at hemline.

We all envy today's total look! The new lengths, the new styles! But how many new outfits can one make with the rapid and varied fashion moods? Here's your answer!

A patchwork wrapover skirt — marvellously changed into an outfit. Wear it with a striped blouse for a change, which can later team with your pants too!
Add a short length in a floral print for a flounce at hemline.

So go to your closet and chop and change for an economical way to today's look of matchmakes!

THE GOLDEN SUN...
THE CARESSING WIND...
LIFE IS BEAUTIFUL...

BUT EVERY DAY
SUN, WIND AND DUST DRY OUT
THE PRECIOUS MOISTURE
FROM YOUR SKIN

MAINTAIN THE MOISTURE
BALANCE WITH MAX FACTOR
SATIN MOISTURIZER

Tender pink Satin Moisturizer is a double beauty aid. The fine film it spreads over your skin protects it from the drying elements and harmful dust—at the same time supplies just the right amount of moisture to restore the natural loss. Satin Moisturizer lives up to its name...gives your skin that relaxed, fresh, youthful look...and life is beautiful!

Light'n smooth Satin Moisturizer is perfect as a night nourisher too.

FROM THE BEAUTIFUL WORLD OF **MAX FACTOR**... NATURALLY

RAJMATA KULWANT KAUR: a life of devoted labour

SHE IS A MOTHER TO THE MEMBERS OF THE NIRANKARI MISSION — CONSTANTLY WORKING FOR THEIR WELFARE

Pushpa Hans

As a child she was a lively little girl playing with other kids and her dolls, but what she cherished most during the daily routine of the household was the singing of gurbani or shabads from the Granth Sahib. She had a lilting melodious voice and all loved her kirtans and flocked to listen to her. Even during her adolescence, when she learnt all household crafts — cooking, knitting and stitching — she kept on humming the gurbani. It became a part of her and as the meaning of the great holy hymns dawned on her she became more and more attached to the book. At the same time, she did not neglect her duties. She excelled in embroidery.

Married early (she was only 16) Kulwant Kaur led the life of a normal housewife for a few years. Her children — three girls and a son — were brought up strictly, learning to be useful and spending many hours in singing kirtans and listening to their mother chant the gurbani. Then her husband, who was one of the most enlightened and well-educated men in the Nirankari Mission, was made the Guru and the head of the Mission. From a simple housewife she became Rajmata Kulwant Kaur, leader of thousands of people of the Mission and in charge of their social and spiritual well-being.

Rajmata's first major task was the abolition of dowry and the caste system. She arranged many matches in the Mission and girls were accepted without any dowry. Even Harijan girls were married to members of the Mission. Sure enough there was opposition, but when the Rajmata ate food cooked by the same Harijan girl and also served by her, the members of the Mission were completely won over. Now not only are marriages arranged without dowry but even the wedding expenditure is almost nil. Four or five couples are married according to Sikh rites without fanfare or glitter — a simple daytime ceremony blessed by both Baba and Rajmata. Even their own children are married out of caste and without any dowries. Her sons-in-law are young men with good jobs but without property or other inherited wealth.

Rajmata Kulwant Kaur blessing a newly married couple.

Prohibition among the followers of the Mission was another big achievement of Babaji and Rajmata. Opposition to this was far stronger than for a casteless Mission and the anti-dowry move, but by her untiring efforts Rajmata was able to get this accepted by the Mission. "It has led to so much happiness for the people of my Mission. They are healthier, happier and richer. Now there is no wastage of money on liquor."

Baba Gurbachan Singh had established the Men's Social Voluntary Corps and Rajmata started the women's corps in the Mission. Now all the social welfare work of the Mission is done jointly by the men and the women. The men of the Mission did not like the idea of their women folk entering the field of social work, but Rajmata was able to convince them. She has the most winning and charming way of enlightening and convincing people and overcoming their initial objections.

The Mission aims at the brotherhood of man on the basis of moral and spiritual values. Both Rajmata and Babaji say that religion sans dogmas and superstition is a perfect science. "And we want all our Nirankari followers to live according to the ideals of the Mission — to be rid of ugly dogmas, to learn to be clean in body and mind and to work for the good of fellow human beings of the country," they say.

A typical day in Rajmata's life starts early. She is up at 5 a.m. and goes around the large Nirankari colony in Delhi, which includes a dairy farm, a vegetable farm and fruit and flower gardens. She looks after the welfare of all the 400 workers in the colony. Returning home, she gives breakfast to Babaji and then joins him at the Satsang Bhawan for kirtans. After the satsang she meets the women of the congregation to sort out any problems they have. Babaji takes her advice on all major issues. She travels with him when he tours the various branches of the Mission. It has 450 branches in India and 75 abroad. The U.K. alone has 20 Nirankari bhawans. The rest are in America, Canada, Hongkong, Singapore, the Philippines and Iran.

Coming back to Rajmata's activities during the day, she comes home from the satsang, does a little cooking and then sits down to embroidery. "I don't want to burden my husband or the Mission for my personal expenses. I make enough pocket money from my embroidery." She again goes for satsang in the evening and, after cooking dinner, retires early to bed.

When I met Rajmata last, she was excited and happy about the Mission's new college — the Lok Priya Sant Nirankari College at Sona near Gurgaon. "This educational institution will meet the need of the rural youth," she said. The Mission already has general schools in Delhi and important towns.

Rajmata says that it is the duty of the Mission and of Babaji and herself to bring comfort and solace to all those who may be torn with tension. "Our people should be able to lead healthy and purposeful lives and become happier and more tolerant human beings," she says.

The members of the Nirankari Mission take their Satguru and the Rajmata in a procession in Delhi.

Sun Worship.

Life in embryo.
Faint awareness
of the self.
And the source.
Then awe,
reverence, worship.
For the glory of
the origin. The root.
The cause.
To preserve
the quality of life,
inspiration.
The Sun.

नमस्तो मा ज्योतिर्गमय...।

MAFATLAL
Suitings,
Shirtings, Saris,
Dress Materials
and Denims.

ever a place in the sun.

A NIGHTMARE OF A PICNIC

I don't know how you feel about taking other people's children along on one of your own family outings, specially when the parents of these children are absent. I have a horror of it after what happened one eventful summer afternoon.

We were all set to go on a picnic to Elephanta Caves. My children, Moti and Mina, were in high spirits at being taken out. A hamper was packed with things to eat. My wife Aroti was putting the last minute touches to her face which most women indulge in, thereby delaying the departure by hours. I kept up an interminable monologue on the lateness of the hour. There was a launch to be caught and I did not want to miss it, after the weeks of planning and anticipation that the kids had been going through. Another two families whom we knew well were to join us at the pier in Apollo Bunder.

As we were locking the house, I heard cries from the neighbour's flat. I asked Mina what was wrong with Ashish. He was a few months younger than Moti and often came across and played in our house. He was very attached to Ashish and over the last few months the two of them had become quite inseparable. Now he was evidently anguished that we were going off for the whole day and leaving him alone.

His mother came out into the passage, where he had rushed. She tried to restrain him, but he rained blows on her with the back of his fists. He was a spoilt young brat, thoroughly pampered by not only the parents but the entire retinue of aunts and uncles as well.

"I want to go with Moti," he cried, with all the frenzy of a thwarted six-year-old. His mother looked helplessly at us.

"Let him come, Papa," cried Moti, skipping around me, imploring me. I didn't know how to refuse, but I used another tactic.

"His mother won't let him go," I said.

Here Aroti broke in and said, "Why shouldn't she? I'm sure she will be agreeable. Won't you Mrinalini? We will have a good time and we will look after him, you can be sure."

"Well," said Mrinalini. "I don't mind at all. But I feel guilty about foisting him on you like this."

"Oh don't be silly," said Aroti. "You must treat us like a part of your family. After all we've been neighbours for years. I assure you he won't be a burden at all."

In minutes, the tears had dried. Ashish was washed and powdered, hustled into fresh clothes and thoroughly spruced up. In minutes we were sitting in the taxi, all smiles.

On the way to the pier, I remarked to Aroti, "I don't think we should have brought him." I spoke in our own language which the child didn't understand. I didn't want him to go home and relay the message to his parents.

I hadn't reckoned with my razor sharp son. "Why Papa?" he asked me at once. "Don't you like Ashish?"

"I like him a lot," I said, "but darling, somebody else's child is an awful responsibility, especially on a full day's outing like this."

"But he comes and plays in our house for practically the whole day."

"It's different in a house," I said, "and it's different in the open."

"How is it different?"

"Well I don't know exactly ... but ... well, it is different."

We left it at that because having brought him, we could not very well return him to his mother. There were, as I said, two other families who joined us at the pier. The Narangs had two sons aged ten years and eight years. The Anands had a daughter of nine, who was good company for our Mina. But it was not so much the girls I was worried about as the boys. When four aggressive young male temperaments get together in childhood skirmishes, the results can be incendiary.

It was about the middle of the afternoon that we realised the boys were missing. The girls were playing with their dolls on a durree and the adults were lazing in the shade of trees, having had more than their fill of good food. The sudden silence told me that something was different. For the past hour now we had been hearing squeals and yells coming from all directions. I opened my eyes and sat up. The only sound audible was the faint music from the transistor.

"Aroti," I said urgently. "Where are the boys?" She opened her eyes and looked at me. She and two of the others had fallen fast asleep. Narang was the only one wholly awake. He was reading the newspaper.

"I say Narang," I cried. "Did you see where the boys went?"

"I don't know," he replied. "They were playing here a minute ago."

Half an hour passed. Aroti was restless, but didn't say anything. I got up and dusted my trousers.

"Where are you going?" Anand asked. His own daughter was safe beside him, so evidently he wasn't as worried as the others.

"I'll just scout round and search for them." I said casually. But there was a tightness in my heart. I knew my boy could take care of himself because I had taught him to be tough. He had gone out with his schoolmates on several occasions even when he was younger. He had climbed trees with ease. I never tried to curb his enthusiasm. I had taught him swimming at the age of four. No, I wasn't so worried about him. It was Ashish who occupied all my thoughts—Ashish who was so sheltered and protected, with grownups to do his every bidding.

I made a circuit of the area, covering a radius of several hundred yards from where we sat. By the end of the trek I was breathless, but I hadn't found the boys. In an hour and a half the launch would leave and we would all be stranded on the island for the night. Panic seized me, the like of which I have never experienced before. I sat down on the ground and put my head between my knees. If I had had a weak heart, I was sure I would have collapsed on the spot.

I felt somebody touch my shoulder. I turned round and found myself looking into the face of a shrivelled old man of about seventy. He wore a shawl and dhoti.

"Are you sick?" he asked me.

"No," I said. "Who are you?"

"I stay on the island," he replied. "My sons are boatmen ... seeing you sitting huddled, I thought you were sick."

I clutched his feeble hand.

"Have you seen four boys? They kind of ... wandered off from the picnic party."

"Yes, I saw them," he said. "But it was a good hour or two earlier."

"Can you tell me which direction they took?" I asked eagerly.

He pointed west. I followed the track for over a furlong but there was no sign of them. Depressed, I turned back and returned the way I had come. As I approached the

spot where the others were sitting, I heard the boys' voices. My heart palpitating wildly I went forward. But when I saw the faces of the others in the party, I knew at once that something was wrong. Only Narang's two boys and Moti were there and they were evidently telling a complicated story.

As soon as they saw me, their voices dropped away and a chill silence ensued.

"Where's Ashish?" I asked. Moti tried to speak, but his lip trembled. I was alarmed now. I caught him by the shoulders and shook him wildly. "Where's Ashish?" I cried.

"We lost him," said Moti with a pale face. "We were playing hide-and-seek. We all thought he had chosen a very good place because I couldn't find him at all. Then everybody pitched in, but we still couldn't find him. We would have come back ages ago ... but we were searching all over for him."

I was so furious, I gave Moti a wild slap across the face. He screamed with pain. But I held him firmly by the ear and gave him another. As I was all set to give him a third, I felt strong hands restrain me.

"You won't get anywhere by beating the boy," said Narang.

"After all they are children. My sons are as much to blame as Moti."

I released Moti and sank down on the ground. The long trek I had just gone through, had taken its toll.

Aroti said, "I know what. Let us adults take turns searching for him. That way we'll succeed better."

"But we don't know the spots where they stopped to play," said Narang. "One of the boys will have to accompany the search party."

"I'll come with you," said Narang's eldest boy.

Anand said, "If you don't mind, could I return by the evening launch on schedule with my wife and daughter .. you see I ... I mean ..." He could not go on.

Because his family was safe and sound, he wanted no part in the current happenings. "How can you be so selfish?" I cried, unable to restrain myself. "You want to wash your hands off the whole misadventure as if you have no connection with it at all. I think it is your duty to stay with us and help Narang and me in the search. It is a moral responsibility if I may say so."

Anand's ears turned red. I don't think anyone had ever spoken to him like that. I thought he would stay, but evidently I had provoked the worst in him by my challenge.

"If you permit me to correct the impression," he said hotly, "it is none of my business. You brought the boy in the first place, so it is your sole responsibility to see that he is found and returned to his parents."

With this parting shot, he picked up his belongings, called to his wife and daughter and stalked off at a fast pace. Narang put his hand on my shoulder. "Don't worry," he said. "I'm with you. We'll find the boy."

He set out with his wife and eldest son, leaving us sitting at the same spot. All around us were signs of activity. Picnic parties packing up to catch the last launch. They went down in droves to the bobbing boats below, which blew shrilly to summon people to the shore. The light began to fade and a breeze started up from the sea. Soon there were no merry-makers at all. Only the silence of the island shaking off the sounds of revelry.

When the last boat had left with its singing travellers, I shook myself to face reality more firmly.

"I wonder if there is a phone on the island?" I asked Aroti.

"There must be," she replied. "That is the only quick contact with the mainland."

I wanted to go out in search of a public call booth, but was wary of leaving Aroti alone with the three children, Narang's son and my kids. So I waited for the others to return. By the time we heard their weary dragging steps it was quite dark and the lights of the mainland seemed to mock us.

They hadn't found the boy. I let them settle down and went in search of a phone booth. I found one after asking two of the local residents for directions. As I dialled the number of Ashish's house, my hands trembled. His father picked up the phone.

"Hello," I said. It was all I could do to keep my voice from cracking. When I had announced myself, I felt my knees go weak.

"Where are you speaking from?" he asked me.

"We are still at the island," I said. "You see, we missed the last launch and may not be able to get back today."

I knew my boy could take care of himself because I had taught him to be tough. But Ashish ...?

"Oh," he cried.

"Don't worry," I said. "Your son is safe with us. We will be back tomorrow."

"Have you found a place to stay the night?"

"Yes," I lied.

When I put down the phone, I felt so feeble and inadequate, I didn't want to face the others. By the time I had composed myself some fifteen minutes passed. I wiped my face and made my way back to the others.

No one said a word as I came and sat down.

"I've passed the message that we're stranded till tomorrow because we missed the launch," I said. "I haven't told him the boy is lost."

None of us had any appetite. The children ate the few left-overs we had with us and fell asleep through sheer exhaustion. I was bone weary, but my eyes wouldn't close. The Narangs stretched out. But Aroti sat with me, her hand in mine, whether giving courage or getting solace I didn't know. It was too dark to search for Ashish.

My mind churned with the most horrible thoughts. I saw some fisherman on his early morning beat draw out a bloated body and lay it on the beach. I saw kidnappers on the prowl for young children, maiming him for life and setting him to beg on the streets. I don't think anyone has ever waited with such feverish anticipation for the dawn, as I waited through the terrible night. When dawn broke, I got up and began the weary search again.

There was a police chowki on the island. I went there now. A constable was on duty, impatiently waiting for his morning relief to come and take over. I walked faster, hardly believing what I saw. There on the bench fast asleep, one hand thrown up and the other across his body, was Ashish!

"Thank God!" I mumbled. "Thank God."

The constable looked at me.

"Is he your son?" he asked me.

"He's more than my son," I said.

"We've been looking for his people since yesterday. He was wandering round crying, but he said his mother and father were at home in Bombay. We thought perhaps he'd stowed himself on a launch and come here."

"No," I said. "He came with us." I picked up the sleeping child and asked, "Can you tell me what time the first launch leaves in the morning?"

"Yes," said the man. "Ten o'clock."

The boy stirred on my shoulder and opened his eyes.

"Uncle," he said, as soon as he saw me. He smiled.

I smiled too with infinite relief.

"Is the picnic over?" he asked, afraid that he had missed it all.

"No," I said with a laugh. "It is still very much on. They are all waiting for you to come."

"I'm hungry," he said.

So for that matter was I.

Over breakfast, Ashish told us what had happened.

Apparently, he crawled into a disused pipe to hide and finding a gunny sack there, he lay down on it. But he was so tired that he fell asleep. When he woke up the others had gone. After that, he wandered round the whole island looking for us, but he got hopelessly lost.

The breakfast of hot tea and rotis we had in that tumble down roadside stall will remain in my mind as long as I live. I think it was the heartiest breakfast any of us had ever eaten. After the tension of the night, it was a welcome respite. When we boarded the launch that morning I made a vow never to bring other people's children on outings like this, no matter what the provocation.

Don't ask why we didn't think of looking in at the police station for Ashish in the first place. I suppose anxiety plays its own havoc with logical thinking. Narang did pay one visit there, but at that time Ashish was wandering round the island in search of us. And in his upset state, Narang didn't leave any message to enable them to contact us in case they traced the boy. Later, nobody thought of looking for the boy in the police station, the most obvious place in any child hunt.

I haven't breathed a word about the unfortunate occurrence to Ashish's parents. Aroti and the children too have honoured the same vow of secrecy. Narang can be trusted to hold his tongue. Ashish did blurt out some snatches of the misadventure though, but he is a wildly imaginative boy and his stories were dismissed by his parents as childish fantasies.

ALL-TIME FAVOURITES

Shaila Hattiangadi

When it's your turn, host a party with ease. Bring out a spectacular dessert that tastes wonderful and your party is a certain success! Stock up packets of cornflour, jelly and custard powder and with a little of mix and match make a luscious dessert. Jiffy snacks that take away almost half your cooking trouble. Just a pinch of baking powder and your favourite savouries will get you credit from your guests and you will appreciate what wonders these palatable dishes have turned out to be.

Food Courtesy: Corn Products Co. (India) Pvt. Ltd

PINEAPPLE TROPICANA

2 pkts. pineapple jelly crystals
200 grams fresh cream
1 small tin of pineapple rings
A few tinned cherries
Cashewnut halves for decoration

Dissolve the contents of one pineapple jelly crystal packet as per instructions on the packet. When the solution is cold, stir in the cream. Set this in a large glass dish. When nearly set, stir in 2 rings of pineapple shredded fine. When firmly set, decorate the top with rings of pineapple, cashewnut halves, and cherries. Dissolve the contents of the second packet of the jelly crystals, and spoon a little of the solution on the pineapple rings, allow to set. When firmly set, spoon rest on the set jelly. Pipe with whipped cream if desired.

CHIKOO KULFI

1 litre milk
2 tbsps. custard powder
5 tbsps. sugar
1½ cups chikoo pulp
½ cup khoya

Mix a little milk with custard powder and sugar. Heat rest of the milk, add the custard powder mixture, let it boil for one minute. Prepare your refrigerator for freezing. When the custard is completely cool, add khoya and chikoo pulp. Beat well in the liquidiser, or with the rotary egg beater. When smooth, fill the freezing trays and freeze till the kulfi is frozen at edges in the tray. Remove from trays, refreeze in the trays or in the kulfi moulds.

EASY CAKE

2½ cups flour
3 tsps. baking powder
½ tsp. salt
½ cup soft butter or margarine
1½ cups castor sugar
3 large eggs
¾ tsp. vanilla essence or any other flavouring,
¾ cup milk
Few drops cochineal

FOR THE BUTTER CREAM:

2/3 cup sifted icing sugar
1/3 cup soft butter or margarine
A little milk

FOR THE ICING:

4½ tbsps. icing sugar
1 tbsp. heaped cocoa

Preheat oven to 175 degrees centigrade. Grease and line two 19-20 cms diameter cake pans. Sift together the flour, baking powder and salt. Cream butter and sugar till light and fluffy. Add eggs, one by one, beat till light. Add flavouring. Divide the flour into three parts and milk into

two. Stir into the mixture alternately. When the batter is ready, divide equally in the two prepared pans. Bake for 20 to 25 minutes, or till done, using both the batters alternately. When cool, sandwich with butter cream. Decorate.

TO PREPARE BUTTER CREAM:

Mix butter and icing sugar. Mix well. Add sufficient milk to get easily spreading consistency. Use this to sandwich the cakes together, reserving a little for decoration.

FOR DECORATION:

Blend icing sugar and cocoa. Add hot water to get a pouring consistency. Pour this over the cake, allowing some of the icing to tricle down the sides of the cake.

INSTANT VEGETABLE IDLIS

- **2 cups fine semolina**
- **2 tbsps. oil**
- **2 tsps. baking powder**
- **¼ cup sour butter-milk**
- **1½ cups water**
- **2 tbsps. ginger, chopped**
- **1 tbsp. green chillis, chopped**
- **½ cup green peas, cooked**
- **1/3 cup tiny pieces of carrot**
- **½ cup onion, minced**
- **2 tbsps. coriander leaves, chopped**
- **2 tsps. salt**

Roast semolina in oil, till the aroma is given out. Remove from heat and let it cool. Then add baking powder, and mix well. Add rest of the ingredients and mix. Half fill the greased katoris of the idli-stand, and steam for ten minutes. When idli-stand is not available, fill in the well greased katoris, and steam for half an hour. Serve with butter.

CHEESE SAVOURIES

FOR THE COVERING:

- **¾ cup flour**
- **¼ cup cornflour**
- **¼ tsp. baking powder**
- **½ tsp. salt**
- **¼ tsp. chilli powder**
- **2½ tbsps. vanaspati oil for deep frying**

FOR FILLING:

- **½ cup cheese, cut into tiny cubes**
- **1 cup kheema or green peas**
- **1 tsp. ginger-garlic paste**
- **4 tbsps. coriander leaves, chopped**
- **½ cup onion, finely chopped**
- **1 tsp. mint leaves, chopped**
- **1 tsp. garam masala**
- **¼ tsp. chilli powder**
- **Salt to taste**
- **Oil for frying.**

FOR THE COVERING:

Sift together the flour, cornflour, baking powder, salt and chilli powder. Heat vanaspati, add to the sifted mixture and rub in. Make a hard but pliable dough, preferably with ice-cold water. Take a portion of the dough, and roll out to about ⅛ cm thick, dusting with cornflour. Repeat process for other round. Place spoonfuls of the filling in two or three places on the round, moisten with water all round the filling. Place the second round over this, press along the moistened edges and cut with fancy cutters. Deep fry in hot oil or vanaspati.

FILLING:

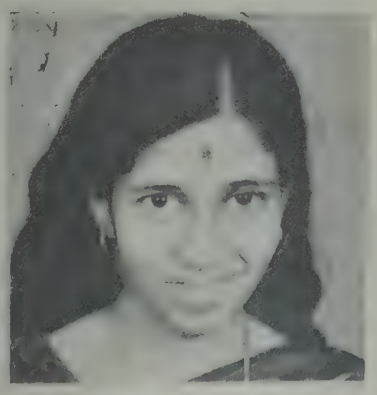
Heat oil, fry ginger and garlic paste, add onion. chilli powder and fry till brown. Add kheema or peas, cook till done. Add salt, garam masala, chopped coriander leaves and mint leaves. When cool, add cheese cubes and mix well.

PAKORAS

- **1 cup gram flour (besan)**
- **½ cup jowar flour**
- **½ cup rice flour**
- **2 tsps. baking powder**
- **2 tbsps. very hot oil**
- **1 cup onion, finely chopped**
- **1 tbsp. green chillis, finely chopped**
- **1 tsp. ginger, finely chopped**
- **4 tbsps. coriander leaves, chopped**
- **¼ cup cashewnuts or roasted groundnut bits**
- **2 tsps. salt**
- **¼ tsp. turmeric powder**
- **1 tsp. cummin-coriander seeds powder**
- **Red chilli powder to taste**
- **Oil for frying**

Mix together gram flour, jowar flour, rice flour and baking powder. Add hot oil, rub into the mixture. Add rest of the ingredients, add water to make a thick paste. Heat the oil for frying. When ready, drop small portions of the batter and fry till light brown. Serve hot with sauce.

COOKERY QUEEN OF THE MONTH



Miss Bansy Raghavan of Coimbatore, wins Rs. 100-00 for this month's best recipe plus a non-stick coated 230 mm Fry Pan from Trupti Industries, Bombay, a cash prize of Rs. 100-00 from Wiekfield and a book by Aroona Reejhsinghani.

APRICOT AND MARMALADE PUDDING

- **180 grams margarine**
- **180 grams castor sugar**
- **180 grams flour (maida)**
- **2 eggs**
- **3 tbsps. milk**
- **¼ kg. marmalade jam**
- **¼ kg. apricot jam**
- **50 grams cashewnuts, powdered**
- **A little ghee**

Beat the margarine to a soft cream, with castor sugar. Beat eggs and add it little at a time to this mixture. Sift the flour and fold in lightly into the beaten mixture alternately with milk. Grease the pudding dish with ghee. Mix together half the marmalade jam and the apricot jam and put it in the dish. Add the pudding mixture and tie a double piece of greased paper over the pudding and steam it for two hours. Turn the pudding onto a hot plate. Melt the rest of the marmalade and apricot jam together and pour over the pudding Sprinkle on top with powdered cashewnuts.

The fragrant freshness of flowers bathed in dew.

You'll love it.

POISE
CHANTELLE
PERFUME

U-PCP-1

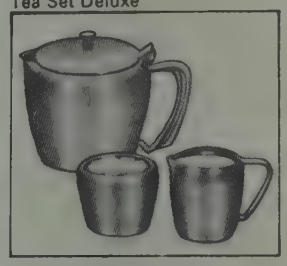
MARKETED BY RALLIS INDIA LTD

Bless the bride
on her wedding day
with a Gift
she will always cherish

PEARL

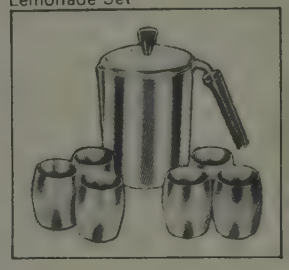
Stainless Steel Tableware

Tea Set Deluxe



Cutlery

Lemonade Set



She will remember you for it every day of her wedded life. And thank you for your thoughtfulness in choosing something she cannot do without. So good in looks, so hygienic,

PEARL stainless steelware is so durable, so easily cleanable.

PEARL METAL WORKS
20 Wadi Bunder Road, Bombay 10.

Sign of goo
Service

PMV

Available at all leading stores.

DEMAND THE BEST
DEMAND TRUPTI

Only Trupti has the approved hard coat quality seal!

APPROVED HARDCOAT
Scratch resistant surface
'FLUON' from ICI

TRUPTI-first to introduce hard coat Cookware offers :

- ISI mark for anodising— exclusive for TRUPTI only.
- Saving of oil + fuel upto 50%
- Saving of cleaning time & efforts
- Superb even frying.
- Wider Range of attractive shapes & sizes.

IS: 21 ALUMINIUM ONLY

IS: 1868 ANODISING ONLY CM/L-6372

METAL SPOONS CAN BE USED

recipes from our readers

Mrs. Vinod Budhraja, Bangalore.

COUNTRY CHOCOLATE

1 cup flour (maida)
1 cup butter
¾ cup cocoa powder
2½ cups sugar
1 cup water
½ cup pounded nuts (cashewnuts or ground nuts)
1 tsp. vanilla essence

Sift flour and cocoa together. Make a dough with butter. Dissolve sugar in water over flame and add this to the prepared dough, folding in gently while adding and stir well till no lumps remain.

Keep on cooking till it leaves the sides of the pan and is of pouring consistency. Add pounded nuts and stir for a while. Remove from fire, add essence and mix well. Pour into a greased thali and spread it evenly by tilting from side to side and pressing with a flat spoon. Set it to cool.

When nearly set cut into cubes or any desired shape.

Mrs. Mythily Vasudevan, Bombay.

DAL KOFTA SAMBAR

150 grams red gram dal
2 red chillis
2 green chillis
Salt to taste
A pinch of asafoetida
A few curry leaves
A large banana leaf, greased

Soak the dal in just enough water for about one to two hours.

Grind the dal coarsely together with red chillis, green chillis, asafoetida, salt and curry leaves, without adding water.

Remove and spread over greased banana leaf and steam cook for about 20-30 minutes. Allow to cool and divide into equal portions and form into balls the size of a small lime. Keep the balls aside.

SAMBAR :

A lime size ball of tamarind
2 glasses water
Salt to taste
3-4 green chillis

ROAST AND POWDER TOGETHER :

1 tbsp. coriander seeds
1 tsp. channa dal
A few grain fenugreek seeds
1-2 red chillis
1 tsp. peppercorns

FOR GARNISHING:

Chopped coriander and curry leaves.

Soak the tamarind in a little water for few minutes. Extract the pulp using all the water. Slit the green chillis and add to tamarind pulp.

Add salt and boil the tamarind extract for about 5-10 minutes.

Add the powdered masala and boil again. Add the prepared dal koftas slowly and carefully and reduce the flame. Bring to boil, remove and garnish with coriander and curry leaves. Serve hot with rice and a teaspon of pure ghee on top.

Mrs. Parvinder Kaur, New Delhi.

RAW BANANA KOFTA CURRY

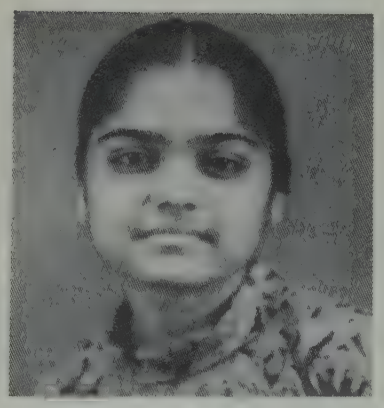
4 raw bananas
Ghee for frying
¾ tsp. white cummin seeds
¾ tsp. coriander seeds
2 tbsps. gram flour
5 cloves
5 peppercorns
1 large cardamom
10 grams fresh ginger
100 grams grated onions
3 tomatoes
¾ tbsp. red pepper
¼ tsp. turmeric powder
200 mls. hot water
½ tbsp. garam masala
1 tbsp. chopped coriander leaves
Salt to taste

Wash the raw bananas and boil them in enough water. Remove the skin and mash them well. Add gram flour, mix well and form into small balls and fry in ghee till golden brown. Drain and keep aside.

Roast coriander seeds, cummin seeds, cloves, peppercorns and cardamom. Grind these along with the ginger and a little water to a fine paste.

Heat ghee and brown the grated onions. Cut tomatoes and add them to the fried onions. Remove this from fire and add red pepper, turmeric and salt to taste. Add hot water and put back to the fire. Cook on slow fire. Add the fried banana kofta and let it cook on slow fire till the koftas are tender. Add garam masala. Garnish with chopped coriander leaves. Serve with chappati or paratha.

weekly 1 winner



Miss Usha H. Soneji of Bombay, wins Rs. 50, for this week's best recipe, plus a non-stick coated Sandwich Toaster and a 9 cup Storefresh container from Trupti Industries, Bombay, a gift hamper from Wiekfield and a book by Aroona Reejhsinghani.

VEGETARIAN CAKE

2 cups flour (maida)
1 cup sugar, powdered
1 cup milk
1 cup refined oil
1 cup powder milk
1 tsp. baking powder
A pinch of salt
A pinch of soda-bicarb
½ tsp. vanilla essence
A little ghee and flour

FOR ICING :

1 cup plain white butter
½ cup icing sugar,
A few drops of vanilla essence
A few drops of any flavouring colour
A piping bag or a polythene plastic bag

CAKE :

Sieve the flour, baking powder, salt, soda bicarb, and mix well together. Take a bowl and put in sugar, oil, milk, milk powder, vanilla essence and beat well for about 10 minutes or more, till the mixture is very smooth. Now put in the flour mixture and beat well for 10 minutes. If the mixture is very hard, add little water. Now smear the baking tin with ghee, even the sides of the tin. Then sprinkle some dry flour evenly so that it sticks to the ghee. Put the cake mixture in it and put in pre-heated oven. It will take about 35 to 40 minutes to bake. Invert the tin and take out the cake.

ICING: Beat butter, sugar and essence together. Take a knife and spread the mixture evenly on the cake and also on the sides. Take the remaining icing, put in any flavouring colour and mix well. Now take a piping bag and design your cake with flowers, and name it anything you like. If you don't have the piping bag take a polythene bag, make a small hole in it, fill it with icing, hold tightly from top and press the icing till it comes out and you can decorate your cake as you wish. Use as many colours as you desire. Even wafer biscuits, sweets, chocolates can be used for decoration.

ATTENTION, COOKERY ENTHUSIASTS!

Each recipe for the weekly and monthly contests and Recipes From Readers' page must be accompanied by this coupon. Those not accompanied by the coupon and a passport size photograph will not be considered for publication.

Address your entry to the Cookery Editor, Eve's Weekly Ltd., Bombay Samachar Marg, Fort, Bombay-400 023

the happy choice of your family

ampro®
GLUCOSE BISCUITS

taste and nourishment superbly matched

AM/APPISTS

DEFY YOUR AGE
WITH
Black nite® kesh kala tel

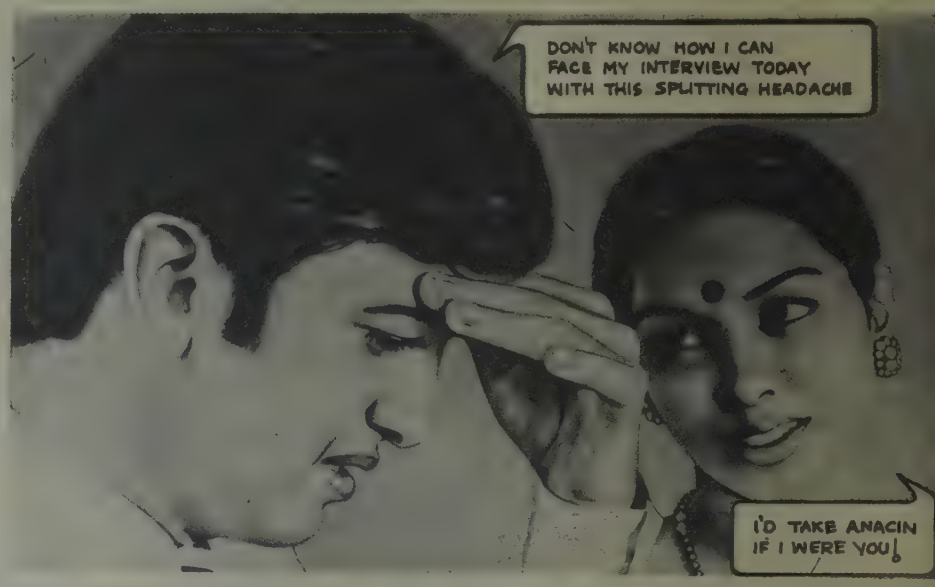
GREY HAIR TURN NATURAL BLACK WITHIN 3 DAYS

GUARANTEE
FULL MONEY REFUNDED IF NOT SATISFIED

Get Black Nite Kesh Kala Tel at home by sending a M.O. for Rs. 11/-

METRO PERFUMERY CO. (INDIA)
METRO BUILDING, MORI GATE, DELHI-110006

AYWAYS

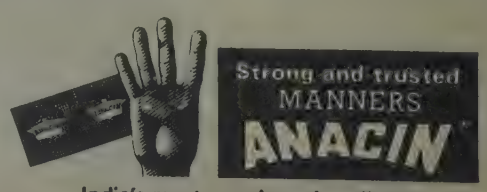


For quick relief take strong and trusted ANACIN

Strong: Anacin relieves pain quickly because it has more of the pain-reliever doctors recommend most the world over.

Trusted: Anacin is a combination of medicines like a doctor's trusted prescription. That's why millions of people take as well as recommend Anacin.

Effective for the pain of colds and flu, headache, backache, muscular pain and toothache.



India's most popular pain-reliever
From the Anacin Division of Geoffrey Manners
*Regd. TM

THE LITTLE WOMAN

by Don Tobin

I AM GETTING OLD!
DON'T BE SUCH A PESSIMIST - EVERYONE HAS BIRTHDAYS!
YEAH - BUT WITH THIS ONE, YOUTH HAS PASSED ME BY!
OH, COME ON! YOU'RE NOT SO OLD!
YOU'RE ONLY....
DON'T SAY THAT DIRTY WORD!
LOOK ON THE BRIGHT SIDE! A BIRTHDAY ISN'T THE END OF EVERYTHING - IT'S A CHANCE FOR A NEW START... A BEGINNING!
SURE! IT'S THE BEGINNING OF OLD AGE!
WITH HERBERT THERE'S NO SUCH SIDE AS THE BRIGHT SIDE -
NOT WHEN YOU'RE OVER THE HILL!
9-25
© King Features Syndicate, Inc., 1977. World rights reserved.

With a bushel of apples, a man can have a hell of a time with the doctor's wife.

* * *

After an engagement of several years, George and Gloria were finally married. When they returned from their honeymoon, a bright-eyed friend asked Gloria how she enjoyed being married.

Absent-mindedly, the bride replied, "To tell the truth, I can't see a bit of difference."

* * *

First prize at a recent costume ball went to a young woman wearing a maternity jacket over her dress, together with the sign: "I Should Have Danced All Night."

* * *

A new housekeeper accused of helping herself to her master's liquor said, "I'll have you know, sir, that I come from honest English parents."

He said, "I'm not concerned with your English parents. What's worrying me is your Scotch extraction."

* * *

In Rio on a business trip, Al was delighted when a lovely young girl sat down at his table in a restaurant.

"Do you speak English?" he asked.

"Si, but jus' a leetle beet."

"Just a little bit, eh? How much?"

"Twenty-five dollars," was the prompt reply.

HA HA world of laughter

Mike had just moved into a new apartment, and decided to get acquainted with his neighbours across the hall. He knocked on the door and was greeted by a young lady considerably more than passing fair, and considerably less than fully clad.

"Hi," he said. "I'm your new sugar across the hall. Can I borrow a cup of neighbour?"

* * *

Give some girls an inch and they've got a new bathing suit.

* * *

A man said to his psychiatrist, "Doctor, you've got to help me. I'm sure I'm losing my mind. I can't remember anything, not what happened a year ago, or even what happened yesterday. I must be going crazy."

"How long have you had this problem?"

The man looked puzzled. "What problem?"

* * *

Everybody thought the Miss Albuquerque Beauty Contest was going to be a hotly contested affair, but Susan walked away with first prize with nary a dissenting vote. She was the only one of the contestants who could get all those letters across her chest.

* * *

A friend of ours has come up with the David and Goliath cocktail. A small one, and you're stoned.

* * *

At the inquest, the widow was asked if she could remember her late husband's last words.

"Yes," she answered. "He said, 'I don't see how they make a profit out of this stuff at two rupees a bottle.'"

* * *

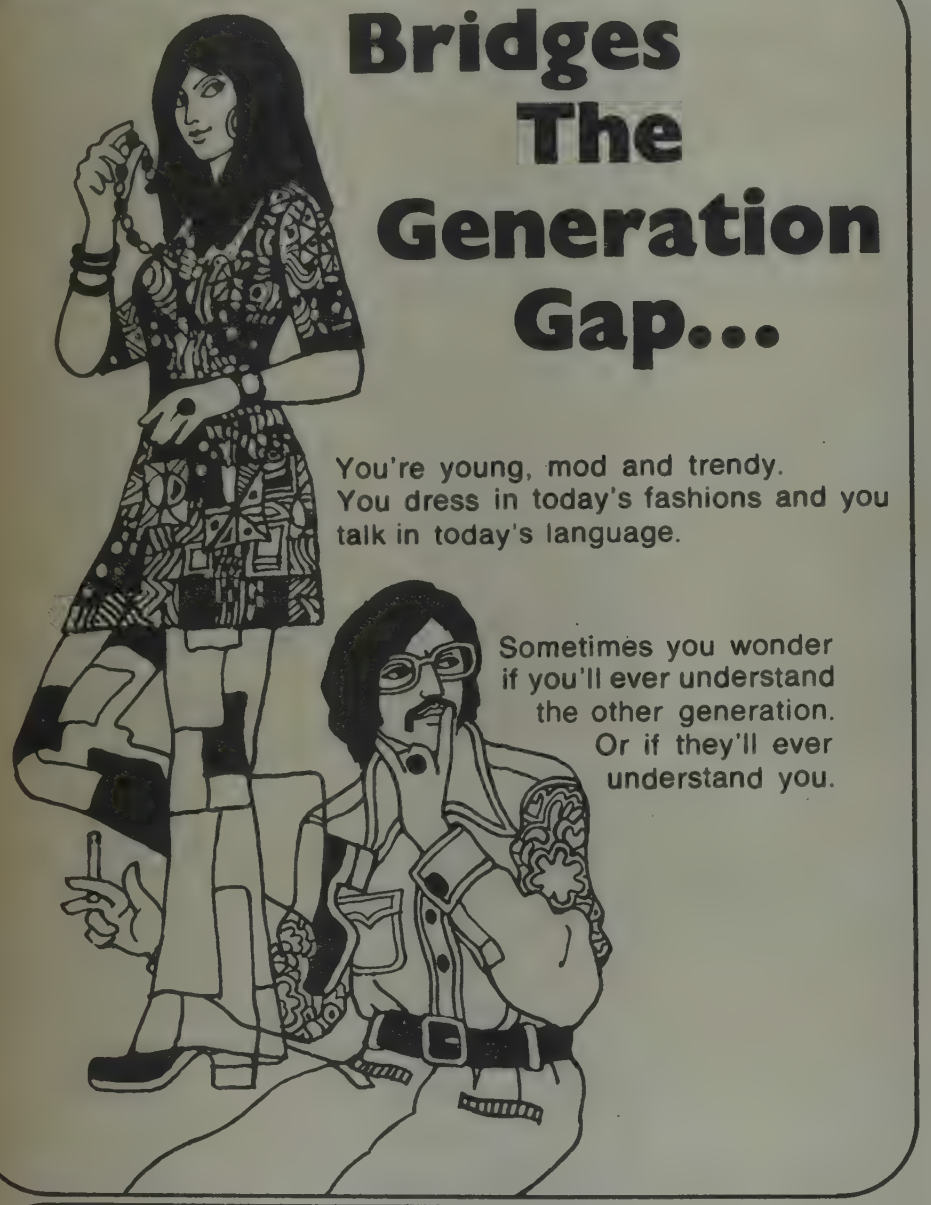
In Rome dwelt a fair miss
named Flettera
Whose necking grew better
and bettera.
She'd hold hands in the
dark,
Kiss boys in the park,
Etc. etc. etc.

Compiled by: George Fegradoe

BOROLINE

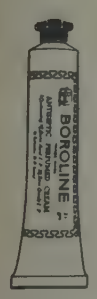
ANTISEPTIC PERFUMED CREAM

Bridges The Generation Gap...



You're young, mod and trendy.
You dress in today's fashions and you talk in today's language.

Sometimes you wonder if you'll ever understand the other generation. Or if they'll ever understand you.

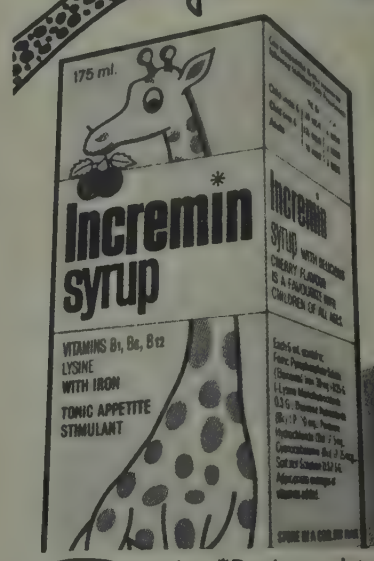


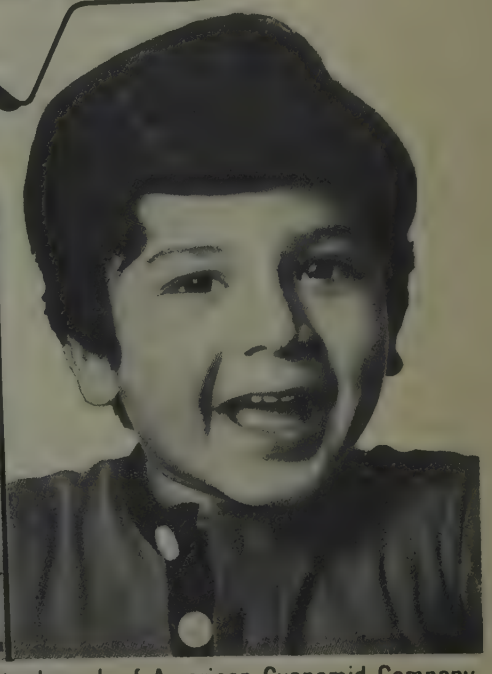
G. D. PHARMACEUTICALS LTD.
BOROLINE HOUSE
CALCUTTA-700 003

And you know that
BOROLINE
Antiseptic Perfumed Cream
gives your skin the best protection all the year round.
Regular use of
BOROLINE
keeps your skin healthy, helps heal minor cuts and prevents chapping.
That's why you use
BOROLINE.
The same way the other generation has been doing for years.
Sometimes you wonder if the other generation is all that difficult to understand after all.
BOROLINE
Antiseptic Perfumed Cream—
the trusted choice for any generation.

Build them big with* INCREMIN Tonic

turns extra eating into extra growth





A Lederle product. *Registered trademark of American Cyanamid Company.
Sista's-INC-915 /77

Natural hair tonic

STEAMER BRAND
100% pure coconut oil
available in 16 Kg. 4 Kg. 2 Kg. 1 Kg. 500 and 200 Grams tins at all leading stores.

KAMANI OIL MILLS, 365, katha bazar, bombay-400 009

If interested to represent our quality products in your town, please write to our Marketing Divi-

CHANDRA NARAIN

FIRST LADY OF KARNATAKA

KARNATAKA'S NEW GOVERNOR AND HIS WIFE ARE TAKING A KEEN INTEREST IN THE AFFAIRS OF THE STATE AND ITS CITIZENS

Mrs. Chandra Govind Narain, wife of the Governor of Karnataka, who has been in Bangalore for a few months now as the new First Lady, finds her role very challenging. With the State coming under President's rule, the Governor and Mrs. Narain have been shouldering the burden of increased social and public engagements. With demure grace, Mrs. Chandra Narain has been either presiding over or inaugurating scores of functions, besides attending to her round of duties at Raj Bhavan, which has to house so many important guests.

"We try to meet as many people as possible and also visit different parts of the State so that we may learn as much as possible about Karnataka and its people," said the Governor. They have both introduced newer dimensions to the set-up at Raj Bhavan in various ways. On the day I met them for this interview there was a play that had been arranged to be staged by a local theatre group. "We had organised some dance shows as well as musical evenings and play-reading sessions," said Mrs. Narain, who has always had a penchant for the theatre.

"We also have informal teas, where I invite intellectuals, thinkers and writers. I believe in this kind of serious discussions and exchange of ideas," said Mr. Govind Narain, who feels Karnataka is culturally very much advanced. "People have an innate aesthetic approach and they are able to devote time for creative and artistic pursuits, because the climate is pleasant and the atmosphere is congenial. The pace of life is not as fast or as tension ridden as in some of the major cities in India." Both the Governor and his lady feel that the people in the rural areas are also friendly and sociable.

Mr. and Mrs. Govind Narain are of a religious bent of mind, and have visited several institutions run by religious trusts and endowments in the State. "I must mention this aspect to you. The religious institutions are run well and they are rendering remarkable service in the fields of education and health."

Mrs. Narain had recently been to Tirupathi and they had visited Sri Sathya Sai Baba in Puttaparthi during the Dassera Festival. "We had met Sri Sathya Sai Baba many years ago, when he came to U.P.," said Mrs. Chandra Narain .They took the opportunity to meet him again soon after their arrival in Bangalore. "I am very much impressed at the way Sri Sathya Sai Baba runs his college and hostel. Particularly, the boys under his care are exemplary in their discipline and conduct, really praiseworthy these days, when one hears so much about student indiscipline," commented the Governor.

Mrs. Narain believes that home should be the training ground for children and that women should take pride in their role as home-makers. She has had several opportunities to study women and homes in several countries during her husband's varied postings as a distinguished member of the Indian Civil Service. "But this posting for my husband is something special and nice indeed," she said, with a certain amount of justifiable pride.

"We have three daughters — all working women," added Mrs. Narain and continued, "two of them are married and have two children each. The youngest working in an advertising firm in Delhi, is not yet married. My first girl was married to an I.A.S. officer soon after her graduation. Later, she did the Librarian's course and worked as a Librarian. Now she is studying for the M.A. degree. My second daughter is a journalist working with the 'Hindustan Times', Delhi. She studied Mass Communications abroad."

The Governor said, "I very much believe in women's education and women being employed. After all, they constitute nearly half our population and should have a constructive role in nation building." He is concerned that now there is a decline in the number of employed women in the organised sectors, as well as women in politics.

"This is not a healthy trend," he said. "Women can contribute a lot to the country's development. Their talents should not be allowed to go to waste."

The Governor felt it was not correct to say that working women are responsible for the increasing unemployment problem among males in our country. People should be more enterprising, more prepared to take risks and face problems. The lack of initiative and looking for security in all ventures are contributory factors.

Mrs. Chandra Narain hails from a well-known family. She is well-educated and speaks with knowledge and confidence on many issues, in her well-modulated and cultured voice. She loves Indian traditions, handicrafts and the Indian way of life. Her tastes are reflected in the artistic way she has rearranged their living quarters upstairs in the Raj Bhavan.

"I am now touring a lot with my husband to see things for myself. I am also gradually getting involved with groups engaged in social service activities," said this gracious lady, who does not want Raj Bhavan to be an ivory tower.

"We want to socialise, we want people to feel free to come over and see us, for basically we love company and like to mingle with people. Now we do not find time to go out on our own, say to a movie or the bazaar..." the Governor said, and added, "not even my wife, who naturally has more time than me!"

His hobby in earlier days was photography, but now he only tries to catch up with his reading whenever he can. He likes to read books either on current affairs or on meaningful themes.

Mrs. Narain is giving her attention to the Raj Bhavan gardens. She has added more varieties to the rose garden and has changed the lay-out in some areas. "We are both very happy to be here. Only we miss our girls and their families. They are not able to visit us as often as they used to do, since Bangalore is quite a distance from Delhi."

Mr. and Mrs. Govind Narain have already become popular, with their friendliness, easy accessibility and keen involvement in social service. And in Mrs. Chandra Narain one finds the right blend of sophistication and traditional values.

Chandra and Govind Narain at Raj Bhavan, Bangalore.

Shakuntala Balu

Leave that razor alone!

Cream hair away the lovely Anne French way

What's a girl like you doing with that razor? Shaving? But it's for men!

A razor cuts the hair from just above the skin surface, leaving behind an ugly razor stubble... even nicks and cuts! What you need is gentle, feminine Anne French Hair Remover.

It works below the surface of the skin where no razor can reach. And it's so simple to use. Just apply the cream. Wait a while...and wipe it off along with the unwanted hair.

And there you are—a lovelier you—with silky-smooth arms and legs for weeks!

Anne French

HAIR REMOVER

Now in 2 fragrances

191HR-302

Are you preparing for Exams?

To be a student is to know what it is to prepare for exams. Close, concentrated reading. Hour after hour. And how tense and tired your eyes feel.

Optrex understands.

Optrex Eye Lotion provides quick relie to tired, irritated eyes. Soothing. Refreshing. And so convenient with the special eye cup.

Use **Optrex Eye Lotion** today! You'll know why it is trusted in 80 countries.

Good luck to you at the exams!

REKHA: A NEW SERIOUSNESS

Vijaya Irani

It was a rare day off with cancelled shooting, and so Rekha was at home. She was sporting a new, stark, sans make-up look, which suits her now that she has lost a lot of flesh, especially from her face.

Originally, she had wanted to do a make-up feature, but the fifty-odd things that would have to go into it, including the mood, were missing, so we decided to have a chat. And there was such a lot to catch up on — checking on rumours and sifting from them the actual facts, as I was meeting her after a one-year gap.

The bindaas girl of the film industry has fresh thoughts about her career and is now taking a good look at the roles she is offered before she puts her signature

Rekha being such a warm, friendly girl, a good part of the morning flew recounting off the record incidents. And they all pointed to a very changed, thoroughly overhauled Rekha.

Take this sudden necessity she has discovered to refuse roles even if they offer a lot of money. When she finds a film has no really good role for her, she refuses the offer. Now this is something Rekha had never done before. It was always a blind signing on of films with no regard to role, image or banner. And then the regretting. A firm refusal with a big loud "No" was never Rekha's way. This mistake would have its repercussions — indifference, even dislike, for the role she had signed on, and then the widely publicised bouts of bunking off from studios.

That had been Rekha — rudderless, sans purpose, unconcerned about the future of her career. But her innate talent and her survival instinct saved her. From acting even in C-class movies, she is now only in the best, not merely in terms of banners, but also roles and credits. Maybe it was because I was meeting her after so long a time, but her new seriousness made me feel uneasy — as if it wasn't the real Rekha. But when she said, "Do you know how many films I am refusing? At least a dozen a day. I have begun to realise the importance of knowing my script and the role I take on a film." I knew it was a different Rekha I was talking to, but the real Rekha of today.

"Good," I said brightly. "So do you think this is going to be your year? I mean, with this clean break you have made with your past drifting, and setting yourself in a definite direction?"

"Good Heavens, no! The result of this will not show so soon, not this year at least. I have sat down and counted and here is my prediction. I am going to have about 11 flops this year!"

Ah! I thought, this is certainly the biggest change in the girl. Rekha pessimistic? For a girl who neither looked left, right nor ahead, and who brought into usage the slang term "bindaas", this was totally unexpected, incredible.

"The industry," she ruminated, with a sombre look, also very unlike her, "is in the doldrums at the moment. Money has suddenly become scarce. Producers who owe me my dues are throwing up their hands in despair. And all this is timed with the change I want to make in my life! I have bought a plot for a bungalow opposite the sea and just when I had set my heart upon building it, money has to play hookey!"

She had always spent her money on her family and a long string of dependents. So much so that her own need for getting married and settling down was pushed back beyond her horizon. And now when she had planned to achieve a definite career and financial security, this was happening.

But it isn't like her to brood too long. She got out of the mood when she showed me the books on decor that were strewn on the bed, which she had been studying when I got there. And she said, "The greatest compliment I received was when a director like Hrishikesh Mukerji openly announced on his sets that I was one of the best talents he has worked with. What is more, he had planned a film with Amol Palekar and me, a quickie film, and then one day, before we got further into it, he called me and told me that he wanted to scrap that movie and had planned a role especially conceived for me — a girl who comes into a particular orderly household, and changes the entire atmosphere of that grim homestead! He said he got it written with my temperament in mind. Now isn't that a great thing? I am dying to start the film."

Then she spoke of personal things and of this and that. I left thinking of her prediction of 11 flops lined up for this year! But already one has proved wrong — "Ganga Ki Saugand" has been released and is declared a hit already! Maybe her new found pessimism is also proving a blessing!

Photograph Girish Shukla

children's page

Kamal Aurora

FUNNY ENGLISH

If you say boot
Then why not foot?

That's English for you! Read this verse in which words that are pronounced the same are spelt so differently.

English is rough
It's a lot of bluff
Read it through
You'll turn blue
If you have a cough
Your head should come off
For not reading as you should
That's bad and not so good
Say, doesn't English make you glow
Right from your head to your tow?

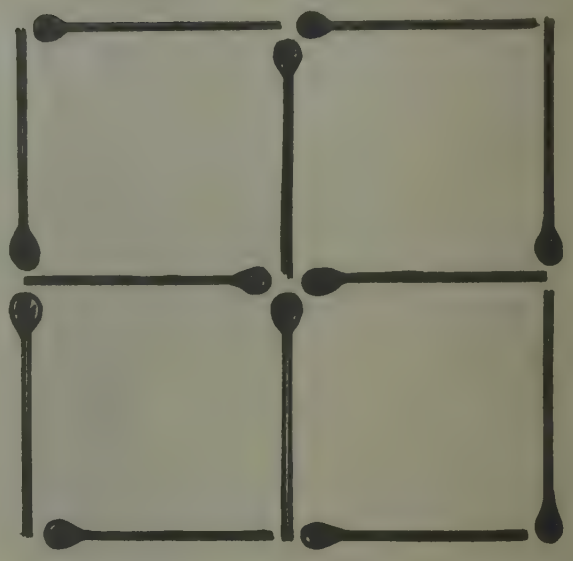
Right from your head to your toe?

If you want to this is also how you can write the same verse!

English is rough
Its a lot of blough
Read it through
You'll turn blough
If you have a cough
Your head should come ough
For not reading as you should
That's bad and not so gould
Say, doesn't English make you glow
Right from your head to your toe?

MATCH YOUR WITS

Place 12 matches to form four equal squares as in the given illustration. Replace 4 matches so as to make only 3 squares of the same size as the others.



THE ADVENTURES OF omphy-momphy tuk tuk

Omphy Momphy stared at himself in the mirror. He wrinkled up his nose. In the mirror he saw his nose wrinkle. What a funny face he had! Omphy Momphy closed his left eye in a wink. He then tried to close his right eye in a wink. To his surprise, the eye remained fully open. Omphy Momphy tried again. His left eye closed in a wink but his right eye would not wink. Why didn't his right eye wink if his left eye could wink? Omphy Momphy decided to ask his mother about this.

Omphy Momphy made a funny face at himself. He stuck his thumbs in his ears and waved his fingers. He puffed out his cheeks and closed his left eye in a wink. My goodness! It was the funniest face that he had seen. He hunched up his shoulders to add to the fun.

With his mouth closed, Omphy Momphy began to make a growling sound. This was real fun. No one could recognise the funny face and the growling voice. Who could it be? "Grrr. . . grrr . . . grrr. . . " growled Omphy Momphy at himself.

EEK! HELP! came a loud shout. The shout seemed to come from his room. Omphy Momphy stared in the mirror. He saw his mother peer into his room, stare at his funny face in the mirror and come marching towards him. She did not seem to like his funny face.

Omphy Momphy blew out the air from his cheeks. His mother's mouth was moving, the lips curving this way and that, but there was no sound. Omphy Momphy looked and looked. His mother was looking very funny. Was she also joining in his game? Omphy Momphy began to laugh. "Ha ha!" He laughed loudly. "Ha ha ha!"

Suddenly Omphy Momphy stopped laughing. He couldn't hear his own laugh. He looked at his mother. She looked very cross indeed, and was about to shake him. Omphy Momphy backed away, alarm in his eyes. Something was terribly wrong.

Omphy Momphy's mother tugged at his arms. With a shock Omphy Momphy remembered that his thumbs were still stuck in his ears. No wonder he couldn't hear! Oh dear! There was trouble ahead.

Omphy Momphy took his thumbs out of his ears.

"What do you think you are doing, Omphy Momphy?" asked his mother. She was really angry. "Do you know that the ayah ran out of here shouting 'Bhoot, bhoot!' She was so scared, she thought you were a devil."

Omphy Momphy saw a very frightened ayah standing near the door. Had he really looked so frightening? He had thought he only looked funny.

"And why were you making all those silly faces in the mirror?"

Omphy Momphy was quiet.

"And why did you stick your thumbs in your ears when I was talking to you?"

Omphy Momphy was quiet.

"And why were you laughing when I was scolding you?" asked his mother. "I want an answer at once."

"I was making funny faces to see how funny I looked in the mirror. I put my thumbs in my ears to look funnier. And I forgot that my fingers were still in my ears. I couldn't hear you. I thought you had joined my game . . .you looked very funny too," said Omphy Momphy in a rush.

Omphy Momphy's mother stared at him. Omphy Momphy looked at his mother. Well, she HAD looked funny with her mouth moving and no sound. His mother's lips curved a tiny little bit.

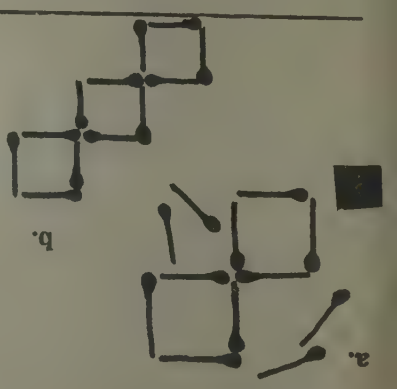
"Oh Mummy, you did look funny," said Omphy Momphy hugging his mother who was laughing by now.

The ayah was laughing too. She was not scared any more. All three of them were smiling when Omphy Momphy's father came into the room. "What is going on in here?" he asked.

Omphy Momphy suddenly remembered what he wanted to ask his father. "Daddy, why does my left eye wink when my right eye does not?" asked Omphy Momphy.

"You must have practised winking your left eye. If you practise with your right eye, it will wink, too," explained his father.

ANSWERS:
Match Your Wits



THE ABC OF DIETING

Vijaya Ramamurthy

Brush up your diet-vocabulary to know the present trend in dieting

A—Apestat is a centre in the brain which controls appetite. But it is more sensitive to the changing blood-glucose level than the stored fat in the body. Thus an overweight person also feels hungry when the blood-glucose level is low in spite of the large fat stored in her body. You will be able to control your appetite better if you understand this mechanism.

B—Balanced diet. To judge your diet by calories alone is not enough. A good diet should also ensure balanced nutrition or the minimum daily requirements of all the nutrients. It will help you to lose weight surely but safely.

C—Cellulose rich foods digest more slowly than those low in fibre. They add bulk to the food and are particularly useful to the dieter to satisfy hunger. Fruits and vegetables with their skin and seeds, leafy green vegetables, structural parts of our food, etc. are rich in cellulose or fibre.

D—Determination. Your strong determination and perseverance will pay dividends. So curb all temptation and stick to your reducing diet till you reach the goal.

E—Excess intake of calories is a major cause of obesity. The body requires a certain amount of energy for our daily activities. All the extra food we eat is converted and stored as fat. So, if you are overweight you are eating more calories than the body needs.

F—Fluid retention is many a time thought to be the cause of extra weight, but in most of the cases the extra fat is the real cause. A normal, healthy body has its own correct fluid balance, so you do not have to worry about it.

G—Glandular disturbances contribute only five per cent to the total obese population, contrary to accepted notions. Do not jump to conclusions without consulting your doctor. As Dr. Natoobhai Shah and Dr. Hemant Kumar put it, "The only glands which are responsible almost always are the salivary glands!" But those who do have a glandular disturbance should also lower their caloric intake as basal metabolism is lower in such persons.

H—Harmful effects of overweight on your health are many. Every doctor insists that obesity leads to many health problems. To name just a few, heart attack, hypertension, diabetes, kidney diseases, etc. are caused directly or indirectly by obesity.

I—Ideal body weight. According to the present concept, the ideal body weight is the one at which you look and feel your best physically as well as psychologically. And generally in women folk it is beieved to be a bit higher than the normal accepted standards!

J—Junk food is a modern term used for food which are packed with calories but are rated low from the nutrition point of view—like potato chips. These are best avoided while dieting except occasionally for a change.

K—Ketone bodies are accumulated in the blood when you try to achieve a very quick loss of weight by starving or by a too low carbohydrate and calorie diet. These bodies, which are a by-product of fat and protein metabolism, are very harmful and may lead to severe illness. So, generally a low calorie diet (like 800 calories) is not recommended for more than 10 to 12 days.

L—Low salt and water diet does not give a long lasting result as in this type of diet the loss of weight is due to a temporary loss of fluid and not body fat. Once you restart the normal salt and water intake, you will regain all the fluids lost from the tissues.

M—Metabolism rate varies from person to person. Some overweight people do not necessarily eat more than the slim ones. But their slim friends are lucky in the sense that they are fast metabolisers and burn up extra food faster. And those who have a slow metabolic rate store excess food as fat. Research is being done to discover a drug which would help the body to burn off energy instead of storing it as fat.

N—Nibblers often end up eating more calories, so they rarely succeed in their dieting attempt. Try to overcome the habit. And if you really cannot do without these inbetween nibbles, then have carrot or cucumber sticks or a few puffed cereals which are low in calories.

O—Obese infants are more likely to be overweight in their adult life compared to those of normal weight. The number of fat cells in the body multiply only up to the age of six months. After this the number of fat cells remain constant, but they get bigger in size and weight as more fat is stored in them. Therefore prevention of obesity should start at infancy.

P—Psychological frustrations, emotional crises, etc. lead many an unsuspecting person to develop a gobbling habit. Many well-known psychologists believe that such people turn to food which acts as a means of satisfaction for their emotional needs.

Q—Quantity also counts along with the right type of diet for a successful weight loss. A small apple or orange contains only about 50 calories, but a reasonably large one will have more than 100 calories! Thus a larger helping will put your calories budget out of control.

R—Reducing pills are not much of a help for dieting as most of them contain either a diuretic drug or appetite depressing chemicals. They are helpful only as long as one takes them. Besides, most of these so called reducing pills have adverse side effects.

S—Salads, soups and skimmed milk are your best bet. They are low in calories and are packed with vitamins and minerals. Skimmed milk also provides proteins. But remember to have clear soups and salads without oily dressings.

T—Timing your meals correctly is important when you want to lose weight. It is believed that the calories you consume during the day get burnt up more easily than the calories of your night meal because you are more active during the day. Thus it is better to eat a major portion of your dietary allowance during breakfast and lunch and have a comparatively light meal at night.

U—Unusually rapid weight loss through crash diets are not advisable for getting rid of those extra kilograms. You are likely to regain as fast as you have lost that excess weight.

V—Variety is advisable as you may get bored by having monotonous food while you are on a diet and you are likely to be off it sooner. Have variety within limits — like you can have a different salad every day.

W—"Wet calories" are generally ignored while counting calories. But they contribute a lot more than what you think. Not only alcoholic drinks, even soft drinks contain around 80 to 100 calories a bottle.

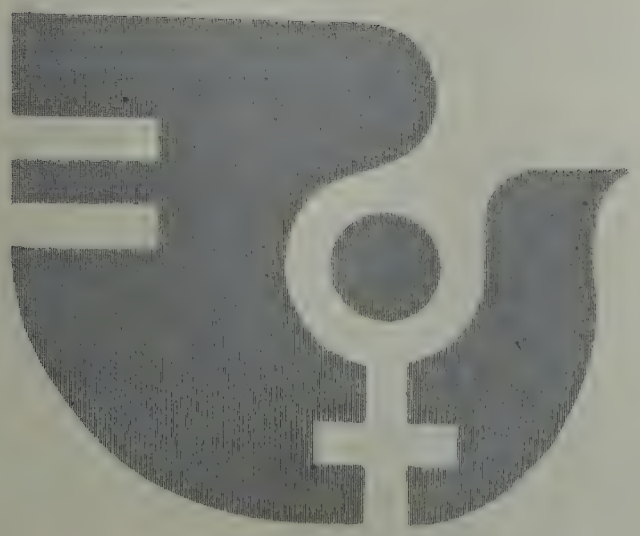
X—The unknown factor In your battle against the bulge, initially there is a quick loss of weight, but for some reason a period follows when there is no loss. But do not give up. Keep up the restricted diet.

Y—Yoga and exercises are an useful adjunct to the reducing diet which help by raising your energy output. They will trim and shape your figure.

Z—Zero weight gain should be your aim after reducing. You should correct your eating habits.

THE PIRAMAL LOOK

Piramal Mills
Maheshwari Mills



International Women's Day:

THE FAITH AND THE FANTASY

Vrinda Nabar

"I see IWY as a sugar-plum: the plum rotten, the sugar suspiciously saccharine. I see IWD as a sublime mockery of a basic, deep-rooted reality . . ." — a spirited discussion on what such a day commemorates

Banish International Women's Day. Down with all its predictable accoutrements: those messages from the President and Prime Minister, the conferences, workshops, study groups, seminars, and vigorous back-slapping to the refrain of what a success it's all been. Three years ago we had a taste of it multiplied 365 times over. A few assumptions still stick in my throat.

Like the time the Rotarians, that coterie of exclusive male do-gooders, held a panel-discussion at a five-star hotel in Bombay, ostensibly to discuss women and development. There was this President of theirs, a real Pillar of State, on whose Front Deliberation sat, and Publick Care. Such a gentleman! He said that since it was International Women's Year he had to get his wife's permission before he could address the audience. He said it with a straight face, too. Made everybody present laugh, even the women.

We mustn't forget all those "special issues" which various magazines spewed out. Ever so informative, they were. Such scintillating wit. I mean one would never have known, otherwise, that even in International Women's Year women still had busts and produced babies. Such studied care to include all points of view. To stress that as Woman strode ahead towards emancipation she still had to snake her way into Man's heart through his stomach with, say Chanel No. 5 for added irresistibility.

And, of course, there was the UNESCO interview with the Indian delegate to its round table meet. Our gracious representative declared that "awareness' **among what constitutes over 90 per cent of India's female population** could "wait". That awareness among the "elite" was more important, so that they could "direct policies, effort and finance towards helping the large mass of women". Some elite, that. Enough to make any proletariat worship them. Our delegate should have known that that sort of line doesn't sell any more.

International Women's Year was an eyewash, a fiasco. It neatly shifted the balance on the side of theorising and of talk, talk, talk. A handful of lucky women flew out to exotic places where they wined, dined and made impressive clearing-the-throat noises to articulate what the Suffragettes attacked more directly over forty years ago. The Suffragettes were a tangible historical force. Our 1975 advocates moved nobody but themselves.

The whole idea of a year of this kind was preposterous, even as a symbolic gesture. After the swing of the feminist movements in the sixties and early seventies what we should have aimed at surely, was a method more related to our daily lives and problems. An international year only segregated actuality. Logically, it was the last thing needed in order to put women on an equal footing with men. It was rather like shouting equality and accepting seats marked "For Women Only" on public buses. Margaret Deland stated as much **a propos** a similar event which occured way back in the nineteenth century.

"I hope I shall not be thought too dogmatic if I say that I believe there was very genuine regret among thoughtful women that there should have been a Woman's Building at Chicago in 1893, and that it was on the whole a mortifying and humiliating display. How much better if the few great things — the noble pictures, the valuable inventions, the dignified expressions of any art or science — had been placed among their peers, and not put aside as noticeable because women did them. Such insistence upon sex in work is not only an insult to the work, but the sex." (from "The Change in the Feminine Ideal", in **119 Years of The Atlantic**, Little Brown, 1977).

I see International Women's Year as a sugar-plum: the plum rotten, the sugar suspiciously saccharine. I see International Women's Day as a sublime mockery of a basic deep-rooted reality — the reality, in India for instance, of nine-tenths of our women. Just what, for them, would a day like this commemorate?

Take me, the Emancipated Woman of the seventies. So emancipated it makes people talk and snigger. With a foreign degree, an academic job, and the freedom to retain my maiden name after marriage. ("Her poor husband! Bet he's hen-pecked. I certainly wouldn't stand for my wife not taking on my name.")

I can distinctly remember those growing up years. Murmurs that penetrated the spheres of freedom I knew at home, with my parents. "Sit with your feet together, it's unwomanly to spread them apart. . . Don't be too free, boys don't like 'forward' girls. . . Remember, a girl's reputation is everything. . . Got myself a crying, talking, sleeping, walking, **Living Doll** (oh the stereotyped disease of that song, but how we all hummed it). . . No, we don't date her, she's too brainy, who wants an intellectual dame?... Why is their father sending them abroad? Must be mad: should save that all up for their marriage...Not married yet? Too much education. At this rate my daughter will be grandmother before you marry, ho, ho, ho. . ." Sly stories, laden with innuendoes, about girls who got frustrated and neurotic. Cries of "Old Maid" from an uncle of sorts who pinched my bottom whenever he got the chance.

And I, along with the best of them, moaned and groaned about discrimination, about "problems" which were really minor irritants, which I was in a position to ignore. I never faced situations which so many girls I knew did: opposition to a "love-marriage", the ignominy of the cattle-market type of arranged marriage, the blatant discrimination between son and daughter. "If a son defies me I can take it, but a daughter's defiance is intolerable." That's not from a Hindi film, but something actually said by the father of a student of mine. And the defiant son grows up thinking anything goes, especially with respect to women. So that one walks down the road or enters a restaurant and submits to dozens of male eyes undressing one slowly, shamelessly, their wives resentful but silent spectators.

Even these are problems definable within my area of experience, class problems to a certain degree. They are real but peripheral. Our seminarists, like me, can't even begin talking of rural women except within this sort of urban framework. We need to apprehend that "awareness" among the elite is a superficial awareness. The themes and obsessions of the UNESCO interviewers make this fact obvious. Women's problems, if one is to be honest, should not be summed up according to the ratio of one woman executive for every seven men employed. Even "working women" of the urban areas need to be distinguished: the managerial/executive category, the lower middle classes, and women of the working class.

Spokeswomen for International Women's Day and similar events seem to see a glorious dawn ahead when rural and less well-off women will throw off their shackles. Doing what comes naturally, they might well add. In the meantime, arise oh elite! Help your poor sisters. This is a neo-colonial attitude which needs to be smashed up. (Remember The White Man's Burden?) One can put up with all the frills of International Women's Day: the press coverage, the banquets, the flowers, the vote of thanks, and even the key-note address, so long as the sick, selfish, elitist stand is abandoned. In a country where a male child is still unhealthily preferred, and where the last funeral rites are taboo to women — in a country, that is, where a fundamental virtually unshakeable discrimination operates from birth to death, is it really all that important whether a woman can become the Managing Director of a multinational firm or the Manager of a five star hotel?

MANI UMROLIA:

A CERTAIN DETACHMENT

The potential existed in Mani Umrolia. From the age of 20, she had been interested in metaphysics and meditation. Then, in 1962, hearing from a friend that a certain Swami was lecturing on the Rajyoga at the K. C. College, Bombay, she went to the lecture. Her account of what happened there sounds familiar — almost every convert to a new way of life says this of the first encounter with the guru: "I was immensely struck by his personality, by the clarity with which he spoke."

She attended both the morning and evening sessions during the Swami's fortnight-long stay in Bombay. He read and discussed excerpts from the Rajyoga and taught a few meditation techniques. "I had always disliked doing exercises," recalls Mrs. Umrolia, "but within a few days of trying them there for the first time I started finding a tremendous difference in my health."

Being "very much drawn to Swamiji," Mrs. Umrolia regularly attended his talks every time. Her devotion made her become a disciple of Swami Satyananda. "The guru-disciple relationship as conceived by Swamiji is a very fine one, on all levels. You can disagree intellectually with him but, as he says, the emotional bond is always there. The aspect of 'surrender' is very important in this relationship."

Having resigned from her job as a sales supervisor, Mrs. Umrolia started going every February and November to his ashram in Monghyr, Bihar — the Bihar School of Yoga. The courses in integral Yoga. Swamji starts at 3.30 a.m. with exercises the whole day. "There are courses in integral Yoga. Swamiji combines the age-old knowledge of our scriptures with modern thought and thus achieves a scientific balance between the two. These courses are of benefit to the householder, who returns refreshed and is able to re-organise his/her own life schedule."

Mrs. Umrolia herself seems to have benefited greatly from her involvement. In her own words, "My personality changed completely. I overcame my extreme shyness and began to see the oneness in all human beings, the essential behind the outer surface. I realised that we are all seeking the same thing — peace of mind — and we can get closer to one another and our goal through Yoga."

Mrs. Umrolia is herself propagating Yoga. She conducts classes at her residence for both men and women where, besides teaching yogic asanas, the link between them and the mind is also explained. "First of all, most Yogic practices require a healthy body, which is dependent on how well the spine functions. Yoga develops the spine's flexibility. These exercises have their effect on the mind, through the nervous system."

Mrs. Umrolia has been trained by Swami Satyananda personally, and awarded the title of **Yogacharya.**

Born in 1923 in Almora, Swami Satyananda started having "spiritual experiences" in childhood itself. Soon, he set out in search of a guru. When he found him, he stayed with him for 12 years. After that followed six years of wandering, till he "reached the stage of highest consciousness."

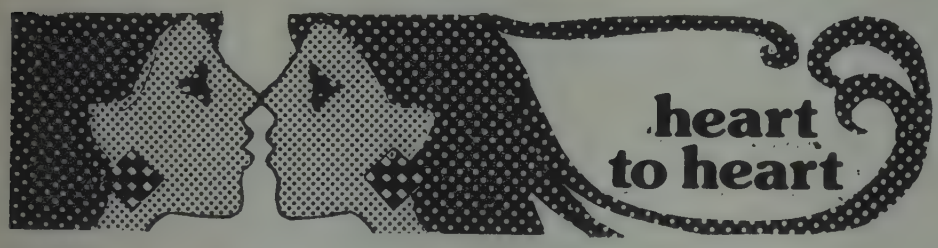
The Swami's school in Monghyr offers a five-year course in "sanyas" for people willing to dedicate themselves to the mission and the Guru.

Mrs. Umrolia clarified, "Swamiji is very particular about who can take sanyas. Not everybody can. He refuses many who want to do so just as a means of escaping unhappy lives. One must be ready for it. He sets great store by duty, working and keeping yourself busy. Rather than providing you with a means of escape, Swamiji gives you a means of living your life better, fuller. He gives you a better approach to problems.

"Most of us look around a problem to find a solution. But Swamiji points out that the solution lies within the problem itself, and can be grasped thoroughly through training the mind to meditate. Without getting involved, you can detach yourself from the problem and achieve peace.

"I can speak from my own experience — I have become a better person to live with since I accepted Swamiji's teachings. And now I am doing what I can to spread them."

Today, most of our basic problems — hunger, disease, cruelty and the futility of all our struggles to be happy — are caused by forces that do not seem within an individual's control. Can Yogic detachment help to transcend these realities?



CONFIDE YOUR PERSONAL PROBLEMS TO DR. MABEL FONSECA C/O EVE'S WEEKLY. DR. FONSECA IS A LEADING MARRIAGE COUNSELLOR AND WILL ANSWER YOUR QUERIES EVERY FORTNIGHT

AVOID WRONG CHOICE

GIVE THIS SERIOUS THOUGHT

I am a Catholic girl of 24. I am engaged to a boy belonging to my community and will be getting married soon, but at the same time I am madly in love with a non-Catholic boy, who used to work in my office. We love each other deeply and meet regularly. As I come from a very good family and already engaged, I cannot get married to him. I cannot express my feelings to anybody and this is affecting my health. He is trying to go abroad and has asked me to accompany him. I have refused and have stopped meeting him. I received three letters from him—he wants to see me. I cannot forget him and have started taking alcohol. Without him I will never be happy. Please help.

No one can force you into anything. You must know what you want and make a decision accordingly. It appears that you have gone into your present engagement without giving it serious thought. But if for some reason, you are not too happy with this choice, you need to revise your thinking.

If you feel that the boy you are engaged to is good and you will try to adjust with him, well and good. But don't marry and make his and your life miserable —just to keep up an engagement, or purely for family sentiment and prestige; besides, he must not be an innocent victim of your reluctant choice. If you must get married to him, do it in a happy frame of mind, forgetting the past and with a resolve to make it work.

If, on the other hand you are still keen on the other boy, and both of you have the courage to stand by each other and a true commitment for a lasting marriage, then decide so. Resorting to alcohol is only an escape. Talk it over with some trusted people from your family and seek their guidance, then decide.

DON'T DISTURB HER LIFE

I am a bachelor of 25. Quite recently I fell in love with a young married woman of 23 who has a loving husband and three children. She is a working girl. She too loves me and I really can't understand what her intentions are. Her husband is well off. We have resolved to be friendly forever. Is this possible?

It is rather unfortunate that you two have fallen in love. You can retain a life-long friendship, but this requires tremendous self-control. If you can keep the relationship at a non-sexual level, then it can survive, but it is a hard task. As one gets closer, emotions take the upper hand, then it is often difficult to disentangle oneself if there is sexual involvement as well.

This young woman is happily settled, so try not to disturb her family and you will not do so if you care for her genuinely. Make her understand that she has a commitment and responsibility to her family, and therefore, should not risk the happiness of her family for the sake of what may well be a passing attraction. If at all she has any problem with her husband, she should communicate with him and sort it out. If she truly loves her husband and family, extra-marital attachments are not called for. This will give you fulfilment and you can seek emotional ties elsewhere.

* * *

JAZZ YATRA '78

Continued from page 9

Probably the only thing Asha Putli and Karin Krog have in common is that they both began their careers learning the Western classical vocal technique. In the 1960s Karin studied classical singing for eight years under Anna Brown who played the role of Bess in the Broadway hit "Porgy and Bess". During these years Karin was maturing, developing a style, and later began writing her own compositions.

With her heavy Norwegian features breaking into softness only occasionally, Karin speaks of the difficulties of being a woman singer in a music world dominated by men. "Before you become established and make a name for yourself, the men don't give you a chance on the stage. All the Instrumentalists want to play solos. They don't want to accompany or play songs that are suitable for a vocalist."

One of the most interesting parts of Karin's programme was the finale which attempted a blending of Indian and Western music. Karin and her Norwegian trio performed with Mrs. Anima Roy and three Indian musicians playing the sitar, tampura and tabla. Karin has been studying Indian vocal music with Anima for nearly two years. "The Indian vocal technique is very different from the Western," she explains. "In India you use the voice gutterally—i.e. you sing as you speak. In the Western style you have overtones and undertones. I want to try using the gutteral voice while singing Western music, maybe even jazz."

Another unique feature of the presentation was that the group had two women vocalists, something never done in jazz. And Karin found working on the piece very stimulating creatively. "It was a collective work to create music. All the musicians in the group were good and respected each other. We had no problems in working together. In musical tradition Indians are used to improvization and we were improvising all the time. We just drew a rough sketch as to what scale we would play on, and based on this general outline everyone played their best."

THE CONTROVERSY OVER STUNNING

Continued from page 11

the commencement of the Deonar abbatoir when the Bandra workers were unwilling to shift there," he said.

He also objected to stunning being only in the hallal section. Mrs. Singh explained that this is because "the brain feels the sensation of pain as the back of the neck is intact. In jhatka, there is decapitation and therefore no contact with the brain." It is her opinion that "all animals for slaughter should be stunned, but it is a matter of priority, especially in animals were the slaughter takes time." This practice is being followed in all the Western countries such as U.K., Europe, America and Australia.

Mr. Chorwadwalla feels that we should not follow other countries. "The Western countries are permissive and materialistic. Should we adopt their system?" he queried.

Stunning is not being done anywhere else in India. "The Deonar abbatoir was the first modern abbatoir for the rest of the country to follow," Mrs. Singh pointed out. It was built at a cost of Rs. 4.5 crores of the taxpayers' money. The total investment amounts to Rs. 7 crores including accommodation for the workers.

Mr. Hashu Advani admitted that "the slaughter house will become a liability because the whole machinery is suited to stunned animals."

The machinery will have to be redesigned to suit struggling animals, according to the administrative officer of the Corporation. It will cost in the vicinity of Rs. 1.5 crores, which taxpayers will have to pay.

Mr. Chorwadwalla however felt that this argument is entirely false. "The total loss will only be Rs. 3000 for the stunners. We will be saving on electrical consumption and the wages of six workers needed for the three lines for holding the animal's head for stunning," he concluded.

"I think it is a very very great pity," was Mrs. Singh's reaction to the move to ban stunning of animals. Hers is an objective opinion as she is concerned with animal welfare only.

Is it possible that this issue has assumed political significance and the case against stunning is only a myth to further vested interests? Only discussion free from political overtones can bring this issue to a rational decision.

Devi

Of the last two rats who left the sinking ship "SS (Super Star) Rajesh Khanna", one jumped into the rat-race of active producers (no more sleeping partner), but both proved that they are rats when they doled out a lukewarm invitation to me. As I am not a rat, I never made out it was lukewarm till I landed at the "Gazab" muhurat.

As I am in a position to fear nobody, and all producers are permanently scared and are just chamchas to stars, except perhaps Manmohan Desai, Sultan Ahmed, etc., I relieve them of their tensions and first find out whether anybody who might object to my presence is at the muhurat. But the "Gazab" cast was an all clear signal.

RAT RACE IN FILMLAND

The muhurat was action packed. Zeenat Aman, in a bandbox-blue doll of a suit, sat warming her hands when Amjad approached her, rifle in hand. His dialogue was superimposed by Kadir Khan with a rifle. Then Amitabh tried to fire a shot, but the rifle failed him. He changed the rifle, threw a dialogue, fired a shot, followed by Dabboo, one shot, one dialogue, followed by Chintu, one dialogue, one shot, followed by Vinod Khanna.

Co-producer Mamaji continues to look the sad sleeping partner. Raj Bhatija whispered invitations for the muhurat party to all. He did not invite me. It was half an hour later that Dabboo blurted out that Dharam was to have given the muhurat clap, but he drove off to Panvel. Sanjay Khan gave the clap instead. And the reason for the rat's lukewarm invitation was clear.

Wait, the worst (best really) of the story is to follow. A couple of days later I bumped into the Bhatijas at Javed's party. Surprised at the goodwill between me and the hosts as well as the other guests, including Dilip Kumar and wife Saira, Bhatija walked up to me saying, "I will explain about the party to you."

"Please don't," I said. "You don't owe me an explanation, you don't have to invite me, especially now that you are in the rat race."

people and events

At Sujata Gopal Krishna's Bharat Natyam performance held in Bombay, are seen from left, Mr. Soli Batliwala, trustee of the Bhulabhai Memorial Institute who presided, Prof. T. V. Ramanujam, pres., Shanmukhananda Sabha, the danseuse and poet Harindranath Chattopadhyaya, chief guest.

LEFT: Mrs. Shanti Sadiq Ali, wife of Maharashtra's Governor, (4th from left) was the chief guest at the SEC Day School's Open Day & Annual Prize Distribution, held in Bombay. Seated with her are (from left) Mrs. Swaraj Sethi, vice-pres. SEC, Mrs. F. Ismail, ex-pres. and Mrs. Rukhsar Ahmedbhoy, pres. of the SEC.

RIGHT: Silhouette Beauty Salon held the annual get-together of its club's members, at the Oberoi Sheraton, Bombay. Seen on the occasion are (from left) Mrs. Prem Mehra, proprietress of the Salon, Mrs. Rita Sethi and Mrs. Mona Narang.

BELOW: At the 19th Annual Friends of the Trees Flower Show in Bombay are seen from left Mrs. Leela Raj Kumar, who arranged the foreign flowers flown by Air India, with Mrs. Alka Jayakar, Al's officer-in-charge, Publicity, W. India, Mr. S. P. Godrej and Miss Thangam Philip, principal, College of Catering.

Parveen Babi (right) inaugurated Indu Jhunjhunwala's (left) exhibition, "Handicrafts Galore '78" in Bombay. Seen in the centre is Shekhar Kapur.

BELOW: Mrinalini Sarabhai's Darpana Academy of Performing Arts held two dance dramas in Ahmedabad. Seen here is the troupe, from left (seated) Shubha Uliyar, Subha Bhatt, Mallika Sarabhai, Vibha Bhatt and Sarmista Sarkar, (standing) Angana Desai, Geeta Iyer, Mrinalini Sarabhai, Smita Hegde and Sandhya Uliyar.

ABOVE: Mr. Joachim Buehler, (right) Director, Max Mueller Bhavan, Bombay, inaugurates the Sophia College-B. K. Somani Memorial Polytechnic's exhibition. At left is Sr. C. Braganza, directress of the Polytechnic.

LEFT: At the North Star Quiz 1978 contest sponsored by Bata India Ltd. in Calcutta, Quiz Master Mr. S. Banerjee of Bata, is seen in the centre, with the four members of Octette, winners of the contest: (from left) Miss Dhun Batlivala, Mr. Proshun Dutt, Mr. Shovik Guha and Miss Reenee D'Santos.

bombay

The SEC Day School conducted by the Society for the Education of the Crippled in collaboration with the Bombay Municipal Corporation, held its Open Day and Annual Prize Distribution recently. Mrs. Sadiq Ali went round the school and distributed the prizes. In her speech she commended the school's efforts to integrate the handicapped students into society by providing the cheerful atmosphere of an average school for them, and training them to be self-reliant

The students performed a garba dance and the youngest ones enacted a song.

* * *

Mr. Joachim Buehler, director, Max Mueller Bhavan, presided and inaugurated the annual exhibition and sale put up by the students of the Sophia College-B. K. Somani Memorial Polytechnic. Sister C. Braganza, directress, thanked all those who had helped in organising the exhibition, specially the judges. She also gave a special mention to Mr. Mirchandani of India Book House, who had agreed that his firm would provide the medals for art student winners.

The textile designing and screen printing students displayed exquisite creations. The Diploma students in commercial art deserve a special mention for their advertising campaigns. The Department of Communications held audio-visual and TV shows every hour.

* * *

Gallery Chemould recently presented an exhibition of Pilloo R. Pochkhanawala's sculptures, held at the sculptress' garden at her residence in Worli. Her drawings were on view at the Gallery itself. The exhibition was held to mark 25 years of her career in sculpture.

Nineteen pieces in aluminium alloy ("This medium has an interesting organic contruction" says Pilloo) were on display, based on the concept of time, form and space, together with older pieces.

The sculptress' depiction of the concept of creation and destruction was felt in her works "Embryo", "Unfolding", "Erosion" and "The Journey".

Another unusual feature of her exhibition was a five-day programme of poetry reading, songs, talks and slide shows held in her garden, with her sculptures forming the backdrop. This programme demonstrated the inter-action of the arts, an aspect in which Pilloo has always been interested.

LEFT: Mrs. Chandra Govind Narain, (right) wife of the Governor of Karnataka State, lights a lamp to mark the inauguration of the University Women's Association's hostel for working women in Bangalore. Next to her is Mrs. P. Cariapa, president of UWA.

BELOW: 'Manince" a dolls' exhibition by Dr. Abha Avasthi, (ext. right) was sponsored by the Ethnographic and Folk Culture Society in Lucknow. Mr. Madhukar Dighe, Minister for Finance and Parliamentary Affairs, U.P. (ext. left) inaugurated it.

delhi

Mrs. Santosh Tawakley, a Bal Sevika of the Bal Vikas Samiti has been selected for the best Bal Sevika Award of 1977. The Award includes the running silver trophy given by the Department of Social Welfare, Ministry of Education, and a shawl and a saree in appreciation of her services. Three more teachers, Miss Saroj of the Delhi Council of Child Welfare, Miss Hardevi of Jhuggi Bal Sudhar Kendra and Mrs. Joginder Kaur of Palam Colony, New Delhi, have also been selected for incentive awards.

calcutta

Bata India Limited organised the North Star Quiz 1978 at Dalhousie Institute, Calcutta. 40 teams of four persons each took part in the Quiz Contest. Octette were the winners. They received a rotating trophy, four plaques, four well-stocked hampers and four pairs of North Star shoes. The runners-up, Dalhousie Institute, got a hamper each plus a pair of North Star shoes, while the third prize—a hamper of goodies went to each contestant of Inmaniacs. The audience prize was won by Mr. A. Ardeshir.

bangalore

Mrs. Lalitha Dorai choreographed an episode from Kiratha Arjuna and another from Rukmini Kalyanam as special items for the 28th anniversary celebrations of her dance school, Sri Ganesh Natya Mandir. Mrs. C. V. Mani gave vocal musical support.

hyderabad

Under the scheme for reviving old arts and sponsoring dance-drama, the Andhra Pradesh Sangeeta Nataka Akademi, New Delhi, in cooperation with the Kala Jyothi of Dharmavaram, sponsored a beautiful Kuchipudi dance-drama. The house was packed to capacity. Kuchipudi, famous for its intricate footwork is gaining in popularity.

world of eve

PRAGYARASHMI KUMAR

Pragyarashmi Kumar's love of painting goes back to her college days. She did her M.A. in painting from the D.A.V. College, Dehra Dun, and since then has been teaching drawing and painting in the local women's college.

Pragyarashmi paints in her spare time, mainly landscapes, in light and fragrant colours. Her great obsession is trees. All the 12 pieces in her recent exhibition, held jointly with her husband, had trees if not as the main theme, at least in the background.

She does not imitate the abstract style of her husband, Mr. G. Kumar, and differs greatly from him even in the use of colours.

She also excels in flower compositions and is developing her own style for them. Well read in Hindi and Sanskrit literature, she is at present working on a book called "Art Evidence in Kalidasa", a search by an artist to find the artist in the supreme poet-dramatist of India.

GEETA PAHWA

"No, I haven't got the job because it's my husband's company," says Geeta Pahwa, Commercial Manager, Arctic India, "but because I have worked hard for it." Having done a secretarial course, Geeta started her career by being her husband's secretary, soon after they got married. As the business expanded she got more and more involved in it. The next step was getting into accounting and public relations. For the former she learnt the basics from the company's chartered accountant, and is now doing a correspondence course in company secretaryship. And the PR aspect ought to come naturally to Geeta, given the personality she has.

Based in Calcutta, Geeta spends her leisure hours on the golf course, singing or painting — a talent that she has inherited from her famous artist father, Ratan Batra.

Arctic India handles projects for air-conditioning plants, an unusual field for a woman without any technical background. Geeta has overcome this handicap remarkably well.

hi ya honey!

By thc wife of an Alves called Johnnie

Don't Hit Him With Your Bare Hands. Handle Him With Kid Gloves

God, how right he is! He is neurotic and he's driving me mad. Having lived with a neurotic for well over 25 years I am well qualified to advise wives on how to handle neurotic husbands. They might as well know, because some day soon their husbands will begin to act funny and show symptoms that will drive them to the loony bin if wives don't help them.

A neurotic husband calls for extreme patience --- patience that men are not capable of. A neruotic husband wants his breakfast at a particular time and in the way he wants it. Not that he cares for the breakfast, but his ego is satisfied when his wife pampers his whims.

Such a husband wants his ego fed every minute of the day. He wants to be told that he is the only man in your life, even if you are not the only woman in his. He wants his pleasures, even if you have to sacrifice the daily necessities of life. Tell your children, "You must be brave and strong like your father," even if he is a little, four-foot shrimp like mine, and he will be walking on air the whole day long.

If you want your husband eating out of your hand and thinking the world of you, tell him loud and clear how your women friends think very highly of his charming ways, handsome face and, especially, his sparkling wit. But please, do not mention any names, or the next day he'll be making an ass of himself ringing them up for dates. I have lost many good friends in this way.

When your children do well in school compare them with the results your husband brought home as a kid. Forget that he was an early dropout. Mine tried to date his teacher when he was ten. Praise his mother in his presence, even if you are guilty of blatant lying. Neurotic husbands like to think their family tree is something to be proud of.

You and I know that our husbands are underworked and overpaid. We also know that when they return tired it's an excuse not to go to pictures, or to take you out to dinner. Work never tires men. What tires them is being exasperated at their ego not being satisfied by those who move with them. Listen to them tell you that they are cleverer than their bosses, and how better off the office would be, if they were the head. Do not remind them, please, of the state of affairs at home, where he is the undisputed Lord and Master — at least so he thinks. That's also part of his neurosis.

Praise him, feed him, pamper his fancies; he is a good source of regular income however small it is. Life is not easy without a husband. To have an inferior human being in the house helps to boost your own ego. Besides, a husband always comes in handy in the house for manual work. When he brings home his boss, pamper him too, praise him too, remember he too is a neurotic husband and may not have as sympathetic a wife as you.

Another valuable tip. Watch your husband when he is asleep. Learn to appreciate his snoring, imagine it's Beethoven's sixth. His talk in his sleep may help you to understand his problems. I found him morose for a week and he kept repeating, "Come on Christine" in his sleep. I thought it was the beginning of another romance, but I discovered that the previous Saturday he had lost a large sum on a horse by that name.

When your husband rolls up and down in his bed, you can be sure he is dancing with his latest girl friend. When he holds the pillow tight, be sure it's not you he dreams he is holding. When he smiles, he may have imagined he has Hema Malini cornered on an island. If he tries to go under the bed while asleep, it's probable that your mother must have appeared to him. Honey, you've got to watch out when he starts kicking himself in his sleep — ten to one my bet is, he is thinking of his wedding day.

Until the next time then.

next week

Eve's Weekly

ISSUE OF MARCH 25, 1978

THE JANATA GOVERNMENT: ONE YEAR DOWN, HOW MANY TO GO?

- **An over-all look at the promises — fulfilled and otherwise — and the performance of the one-year-old government.**

- **An exclusive interview with Party President, Chandrashekhar, on the occasion of the first anniversary of the Janata. .**

ALSO

Folk-songs — an interesting revelation about how women have used them to give vent to their inner feelings.

Travel by coach — how to cover many major tourist spots in the south comfortably, enjoyably and cheaply. . .

designs

Which no mill can weave

handloom can

The human hand remains unique when it comes to weaving. Designs which defy the machine..... Patterns that respond only to the watchful eye and deft fingers.

for sheer distinction wear indian handlooms

DEVELOPMENT COMMISSIONER FOR HANDLOOMS, MINISTRY OF INDUSTRY, GOVERNMENT OF INDIA

davp 77/538

PARAGON

ELPAR®

the styles-ahead shirtings

An exciting new range of shirtings—
plains, printeds, patterned and texturised.

Paragon Textile Mills,
Globe Mill Passage, Bombay 400 013.

Available at:
Paragon Elpar Fabrics Retail Shops:
* Opp. Harkisondas Hospital,
Prarthana Samaj, Bombay 400 004.
* Near Worli TV Centre, Bombay 400 013.
And at all leading stores.